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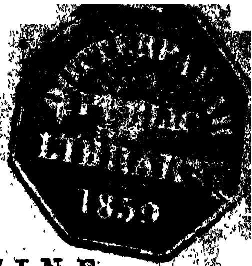
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A TALE,

By Paul Benison,

WILL APPEAR IN THE JUNE NUMBER OF THIS MAGAZINE.

SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. VII.] MAY, 1853. [Vol. II.

AN INNOCENT FLIRTATION;

BEING A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF THE HON'BLE AUDLEY ASHTON, C. S.

By the Author of "Retrospections of a Young Man," &c.

CHAPTER I.

To those who are acquainted with the station of Hasilabad in the North West Provinces of the Bengal Presidency, I need not communicate the fact that the mornings in March are still pleasant, and cool. When I say that they are not much hotter in the early part of the month than a very hot noon in the English dog-days, it will give a sufficient idea of the climate to those to whom it is as yet unknown. A small place with no trade; but as the metropolis of a zillah, however poor, it is the residence of that odd Indian substitute for a Parish Priest—the Collector and Magistrate. This officer is assisted in his onerous duties by a young gentleman, whose functions are much the same, though he sometimes figures in the Civil list as Assistant, sometimes enjoys the more dignified appellation of Joint Magistrate and Deputy Collector. To the natives the "*Chota Sahib*" for the time being is the Chota Sahib, and (like Wordsworth's primrose) is nothing more; the only difference being perceptible to the officer himself, who does the same work on very different salaries according to the title he may happen to bear.

Now it chanced that in the month of March 18—, the Joint Magistrate for the time being had been so long and so habitually passed over in promotion, that as he was of retired habits and bad health, he neither made a fuss about it, nor went on sick leave; but, being a single man, with no one dependent on him but an aged mother in England, he went mad, was shipped off

"home," and heard of no more. Hasilabad was therefore without a "Chota Sahib," when, on one of the above-mentioned pleasant mornings, Mr. Peter Hawthorn, the "Collector and Magistrate," (funny sounding combination of titles) sate at a table in a shady arbour in his garden, surrounded by trees, shrubs, and flowers of all kinds and from various climates. The honey-suckle on the trellis, mingled its pale but fragrant blossoms with those of glorious tropical creepers, from Virginia and Brazil, whose gorgeous display of blue, scarlet and gold could not prevent the English exile from recognizing the sweet familiar plant of his own far land. The squirrels rustled chattering through the branches of the mangoes; like a shower of flying leaves, the parrots hurtled by; the "coppersmith" pursued his noisy labours in the distance; while, in wild diapason, harmonizing the rural concert, swelled always around, the silver fluting of innumerable doves.

From this you are to understand that, breakfast being over, the "Burra Sahib" was smoking his cigar in complacent ease, listening, perhaps, with his heart to the voice of Nature, but having his ears filled by the less attractive accents of a droning Serishtadar. At a short distance Mrs. Peter (how could we have forgotten her so long!) was settled comfortably on a low chair, her sunny ringlets falling on a large work-frame, on which she was busily employed in copying, from her husband's design, the armorial bearings of the family; —Argent, a sprig of Glastonbury thorn, leaved and blossomed, all proper, with the motto "NE FRIGORE TORPET."

Hawthorn had come from the China service, (I am speaking of some years ago), and was a young man for the responsible post he occupied. He was a young man when first appointed, and anything but an old one now; while owing to his good spirits and temper he had the appearance of being yet younger than he really was, compared to his bilious and wrinkled cotemporaries. Contented and happy, with a sweet, fond wife, an excellent constitution, and plenty of resources in music and painting; fond, withal, in a manly, active, out-of-door way, of his grim and dolorous profession; it will not be matter of wonder that Hawthorn lived on in his pleasant bungalow and beautiful garden at Hasilabad, without that constant pining for other scenes and occupations which makes it so especially true of the Anglo-Indian, that

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Dear Mrs. Hawthorn, though to see her was to love her, yet no one could find it in his heart to envy Peter the possession of such a treasure. If ever a couple seemed formed for one another, the Hawthorns were that pair; so said the world, and even the breath of scandal refrained from clouding the clear image of their wedded happiness.

"Take it to your Master," presently said the lady, speaking to a tall Jemadar with a fine white beard, the dagger in his sash glittering every time he moved, with its pendent ornaments. "Our new Assistant, Peter, I think."

Peter took the card from his servant, and read aloud, "Hon.

Audley Ashton?—Yes, let the Sahib come in, Meer Khan."

"How can I let the Sahib come?" replied Meer Khan, "the chokidar of the Dawk Bungalow brought the ticket, O cherisher of the humble. But your worship has not seen the chitty." So saying, the old man picked up a note which had fallen at his mistress's feet, and handing it to her, retired with an obeisance.

"Excellent," cried Mrs. Peter as she read, and clapping her little plump hands—"A letter from my dear friend Sophie Ashton, whom I have not seen since I left school. And the new Assistant is her brother; only think!"

"Never heard of her," said the philosophic Magistrate, busily engaged in the onerous duty of signing his name.

"Of course not, you dear old goose. How could you? We used to correspond before I threw myself away upon ...... a creature that smokes cigars. But she followed my absurd example, married an Italian Prince, and went off to the Continent. It is so long since I heard of her, that I declare I had quite forgotten her. Oh, I am *so* glad," said the young matron, naïvely. Her husband perceived the advantage her *non sequitur* had given him, and observed drily, as he looked up from his papers—

"I should not think your memory was very good, my dear. It is rather a bore for your dearest friends, however glad you may be. However, I can account for it all," and he tried to look very coxcombical. "After you married, you of course had an object enough to fill every corner of your heart."

"Silly creature," replied his wife, "the absurd vanity of you men. But you're all alike. Listen what the Principessa says of her brother. 'Audley is rather good looking—some people say there is a strong likeness in the family—and he is aware of his advantage. Since he went into stick-up-collars, he has never been out of love, and poor papa and mamma have had the greatest trouble; at last he was threatened with some horrid legal proceedings, and to tell you the truth, that was the chief reason he was sent out to India, for we had hoped to have got him attached to the Embassy here, which would have been so nice. Of course, dear, he has never been to that horrid Ailesbury, or wherever it is that the young Indians learn to smoke and scold their servants, (I am told that a native is kept on purpose,) so I hope you will find him presentable. And if he comes in your way, do, dear, try to keep him out of mischief, especially *marrying a black woman*, which I am sure papa would never allow; and I could never admit her into *my* house, I would die first. *Au reste*, ... hum ...... hum, that's all.'

Peter in the meantime had been methodically disposing his papers in a japanned despatch-box, which he locked up, and calling the Jemadar, bade him send them to Cutcherry.

"Sensible woman that friend of yours. I wonder the lad did not call. English shyness I suppose, not worn off. A squire of dames,' eh? makes love to the tradesmen's daughters: all blushes and soft speeches: a sort of sacking Young Marlow, eh? Well (for your friend's sake, my dear,)

I'll give into his ways, and look in at the Dawk Bungalow as I go to the office."

So saying the cheerful son of Themis took leave of his wife in the form and manner in such cases made and provided; and his buggy-wheels were soon heard rumbling away in the distance.

CHAPTER II.

AUDLEY Ashton was paring his filbert nails in the Dawk Bungalow. Around him were the usual *agrémens* of those houses of welcome (though slender) entertainment. Wide plains of arid sand, with here and there a mango-tope; the weedy dull "compound," and half-a-dozen mynahs and crows chattering and croaking over the *nands* in the Verandah, like a company of aged gentlemen and ladies at tea; such were the elements of scenery revealed through the shattered venetians. Within, a suspicious-looking bedstead, a three-legged table, and a Board of Regulations hung, picture-wise, upon the wall, completed the melancholy circle of visible objects.

Audley Ashton had propped up the deficient quarter of the table with a magnificent solid leather portmanteau, and sate before it, employed as above; a pale youth with elaborate hair and whiskers, and clothes of the latest London fashion.

"A comfortable introduction to this infernal country;" he might have been heard to mutter, looking through the opposite wall, as if in appeal to Society at large; "To what purpose was it that I got an appointment from the Board, and so escaped Haileybury with its puerile debauchery; or cut the colonial gaieties of Calcutta by coming to study up the country under these Hawthorns? I wonder what kind of curry eating spectre Sophie's friend has grown into. I suppose the letter has found its way there by now, and that Hawthorn will come and call upon me. They told me in Calcutta that I should have to deliver my letter in person, but catch me at such a *gaucherie*. If he can't conform to the usages of English society, let him keep his acquaintance to himself.........." So he fell to caressing his whiskers, and looking at his very tight boots, while Hawthorn's buggy was driving up, and the jovial Magistrate was, next moment, heartily employed in wringing the hand of the astonished dandy.

"Ah......Mr......ah......Hawthorn I presume."

"No presumption in the world my dear fellow: but Hawthorn is my name, England is my nation, India is my dwelling-place, and this my situation: always jolly, and glad to see you at the present moment; send your things up to my house, and jump into the buggy: I'll take you to Cutcherry, and introduce you to the Omlah, and Mr. D'Gomes the Deputy: come along; *qui hye?*" Thus rattling, the excellent fellow gave the necessary orders to the servants of the Bungalow, and pushed his bewildered companion into the buggy. Racing over the well-metalled road at the best speed of a sixteen-hand roan mare, (Hawthorn's hack for day-work, which stood any amount of sun or

rain, went about twenty miles an hour, and had not a leg to stand on,) they speedily reached the Cutcherry, a desolate looking building, in the design of which the architect appeared to have wavered between a palanquin and the Parthenon ; and passing through the ranks of bowing natives, made their way into a dark room, where, as his eyes became sufficiently expanded, Ashton discovered a jet black elderly gentleman in white hair, and clothes of the model of the Prince Regent, nibbing a pen at a green-baized table. This was Mr. DeGomes, (or as he persisted in spelling it, D'Gomes, a name obviously not otherwise pronounceable than as we have written it)—a member of what is called ' the Uncovenanted *Service*," a body which, in spite of its illogical name, has been and always must be an invaluable instrument for carrying out most of the details of Anglo-Indian Administration, Mr. D'-Gomes had risen from the ranks of under-writers at 70 rupees per mensem, to the non-commissioned grade of Deputy Collectors, with full powers as Magistrate, a handsome salary, and a recognized position in society.

Returning the Assistant's bow with almost equal stateliness, the worthy Deputy sent for chairs, and the trio engaged in conversation ; the Native officials meanwhile with their odd ideas of politeness (and no class of people can be more punctilious in their own way) availed themselves of the most flimsy and transparent pretexts to crowd round, and take a mental daguerreotype of the young "Hákim," who was to exercise so great an influence for good or evil on their tempers, comforts and prospects. Serious certainly is the responsibility (though weakened by constant twaddling) of a youthful foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with the language or tone of feeling of the natives, some of whom he is to rule as official superior, all as Magistrate ; and one cannot wonder at the deep and often shrewd investigations made by his future dependents into those outward symptoms from which they may conjecture of his *mizaj*, his kindness, his justice, or his gullibility.

On the present occasion the formation of opinions, whatever they might have grown to, was suddenly cut short by Hawthorn, who, waiting till they were collected round in the most breathless interest, abruptly rose, and looked round upon the Omlah, rubbing his hands very briskly, and pronouncing in English, and in a loud voice the words "*Now then !*" which mysterious action had the effect of scattering them with magical rapidity.

"Like to come and sit upon the Bench for a few minutes, Ashton ? A beautiful murder case coming on ; old woman found in bed with her head hanging by a thread."

"Bless me," said Ashton, with a start, "what a baw for the old woman !"

"Yes," cried Peter, in his hearty way, "and the best of the joke is that the evidence is so nicely balanced, that it is impossible to tell whether the crime was committed by her own son, or by the Police."

"You don't say so ?"

"Yes, I do ; and, as far as I've been yet, the tossing up of a brass farthing would be the likeliest way to come to a decision. Old joke,

you know," said Peter, suddenly recollecting his responsibility, "never do that sort of thing of course. Come and see."

"Thank you, but it would be rather a baw."

"Well then," said the disappointed Magistrate, "take the buggy and drive up to my house. You can make yourself miserable with Mrs. Hawthorn till dinner-time. Ho there! Serishtadar!"

CHAPTER III.

As time went on, Audley Ashton was persuaded that it really was the custom of the country for new-comers to call first on the residents in the station. With that practice he complied, making thereby the acquaintance of the Civil Surgeon, (a pleasant person of hard features, who spoke English "after the school of Fife") and of the family of Mr. D'Gomes, which consisted of one daughter. Miss Euphrosyne had attractions of uncommon and picturesque character; a Creole beauty, with billowy black hair, and flashing eyes of the same colour; moreover, she had been educated in France, and by dint of associating with Mrs. Hawthorn, had added to the *verve* of that country, something of the repose of English society.

Now, with all our respect for the Bengal Civil Service—and on this point it is only necessary to reiterate the common remark that their worst fault is a tendency to "talk shop"—it must be conceded that Ashton was a very idle young man. Peter, whose whole soul was in his zillah, was at first much disappointed; but there was something in the vapid good-humour of the dandy's face, which defied rebuke, and he was very attentive to Mrs. Peter. So on the whole he enjoyed his leisure without much serious remonstrance. Naughty Peter: he deserved to break his neck over the back of his chair, and he knew it; as he sate uneasily thinking over his want of firmness, with a fine damp wind coming over him from the Thermantidote in Cutcherry, and reminding him of the breeze when he used to walk from Broadstairs to Ramsgate, and look at the sea with—never mind with whom—Olivia never knew.

"Can I have the favour of a word with you, sir?" asked Mr. D'Gomes, solemnly. The sound of his voice disturbed Peter Hawthorn's reverie; and he turned a bewildered gaze on his worthy Deputy.

After the chair had been brought, and the weather discussed a little, Mr. D'Gomes, gradually getting the better of a smart fit of coughing, begged to know if Mr. Ashton had been behaving anywise remarkably of late?

"Not more so than usual," replied Peter, with a smile.

"Because," pursued Mr. D'Gomes, severely, "I think he's in love."

"God bless me," replied the Magistrate, "with whom?"

"Why, sir, the case is this. Yesterday, being a native holiday in consequence of the Choontee Pooja, I was sitting in my private apartment. I have the honour to add for your information that my drawing-room is separated therefrom by a purdah, or native screen, and as I was dozing, or rather indulging in the approaching wings of the drowsy god, it might fairly

be inferred by parties in the adjoining chamber that I was either absent, or, if in my room, was asleep."

"Excuse me, Mr. D'Gomes, but if this case is not of immediate importance, had you not better put off the hearing till the evening. I have one here that *is*."

"I shall conclude shortly. I was reclining, as above stated, when I heard voices, which I presently recognized as those of my daughter and Mr. Enfield. 'It is of no use talking,' said the latter gentleman, (or words to that effect,) 'you may please yourself.' 'Thank you for nothing,' said my daughter. She has quite her lamented mother's spirit, has Miss D'Gomes. 'I saw you walking with Mr. Ashton in the Nawaub's garden last night, by moonlight.' 'Sir,' says she, 'and what if you did? I suppose I am not come to ask your permission in the selection of companions for a walk;' so after a few more words of a similar import they separated, as it appeared, in somewhat of a heat; and I have the honor to be—I wouldsay, I think there is, what is sometimes termed, a screw loose."

"I think so too," said Peter. "Give me your hand, Mr. D'Gomes; you have acted like a man of honour. We must of course at once prevent this boy making a fool of hims ...... Ahem —no offence Mr. D'Gomes ...... good morning then for the present." (*Aside*, as the Deputy retired to his own Court.) "Awkward expression—no fear of his making a fool of himself, though; nature has saved him the trouble." So, rubbing his hands, and chuckling at is own (not very brilliant or original joke), Hawthorn hurried through his work, impatient to confide his discovery to the wife of his bosom, and consult with her about measures to restrain the brother of her "dear friend."

Now poor Mr. D'Gomes had indeed acted nobly. Setting aside the temptation we may suppose him to have felt to connect himself and settle his daughter with the well-born and well-provided Civilian, he had a particular dislike to Mr. Enfield, and shuddered at the thought of his becoming the husband of the brilliant Euphrosyne.

To explain this it must be remembered that Mr. Enfield, the Head Clerk in the Office, was as marked a type of the new school of East-Indian, as the Deputy was of the old. While the latter adhered to the smooth face, bolster white tie, and short waisted tightness of the plethoric and ungainly period when he first began to associate with Europeans, the Clerk was a rakish slip of a fellow with curly hair, splendid moustache, and *point de vice* clothes of the most modern design, "after the great modern masters," as he said. In "loudness" of costume, indeed, he outshone the Assistant.

Now Miss D'Gomes, in virtue of her father's official position, associated with the Magistrate's family and occasional visitors; while on the other hand Mr. Enfield visited at the Deputy's, but not at the Burra Sahib's. Such is the rule of Indian Society, the test being one rather of bureau than of birth. And Mr. Enfield being the only Ferdinand of her wilderness—the Doctor going for a mere Caliban—may have been considered deserving of some encouragement, and a little excusable flirtation had in all probabi-

lity, however checked by Mr. D'Gomes, been going on from time to time between the young people. We shall now be better able to appreciate the extent of the good old man's virtue in making Hawthorn the confidence he had.

That worthy minister of justice lost no time in mentioning the affair to his wife, who however surprised him greatly by not appearing to attach much importance to the matter. Ah, Olivia, how could you be so silly? Are you smitten with that weakness so common to your sex, of never acknowledging the merit of any discoveries except your own? I am afraid you are.

For the next morning as Mrs. Peter was sitting before the glass, while her old ayah was "doing" those golden locks, she (Olivia) was lost in thought. In vain, so I have heard, did the ayah ply her with news and gossip of one sort and another; she remained silent. I gather the nature of her meditations however, from the fact that when the old native said that the "Chota Sahib" walked with the "Missy Baba" every evening, Olivia looked up so hastily, as to toss out of the ministering hand such little implements of the toilet as were at the moment in use. Also from what afterwards happened, I am inclined to think that Mrs. Peter was deeply engaged in turning over the plans, prospects and duties that lay before her in her new capacity of guardian to a young man. This youth, so warmly commended to her by the companion of her girlhood, must not, under her roof, fall into the snares of a common-place adventurer, with a forehead of brass and a pair of impudent black eyes. Such was Olivia's disparaging valuation of her young friend, as her regard for the "favoured guest" inspired her with various plans for his preservation.

At length she sighed and crossed her hands as she sate back in her chair. So that her determination, whatever it was, did not seem to afford her satisfaction, or even much relief. But whatever it was, we may be sure Mrs. Hawthorn will carry it out. 'Tis a way she has.

CHAPTER IV.

In the meanwhile matters were fast ripening. To any one who possessed the key, Mr. Enfield's conduct was diverting in the extreme; Audley's a little melancholy. Whether it was the Assistant's waistcoats or his whiskers, (and yet Mr. Enfield was conscious of no inferiority in either respect,) but Mr. Enfield felt himself "cut out." "Gold sir, gold, and the presumption of a brutal aristocracy, backed by woman's inherent levity" had done it. So the worthy Clerk took to reading Lord Byron's works, and other literature of the like stimulating order, and seemed to be revolving in his deep breast, schemes of victory or revenge. Over folded arms, many a black look was seen to proceed from him towards the unconscious Assistant during the celebration of divine service in the Hawthorn's drawing-room; which, if they had been observed by their object, (which they were not,) would have received ample

compensation in the amenity of regard showered by the fair Euphrosyne.

One Monday morning Peter was gone to office, and Audley was simpering near the Thermantidote, dressed up to the eyes in spite of the heat.

"Where are you going, Mr. Ashton?" asked our fair friend.

"To the D'Gomes'," answered the ingenuous youth, with a futile attempt to appear unconcerned.

"To *the* D'Gomes? Now fie, Mr. Ashton, I must really write and tell the Princess. You know Mr. D'Gomes is at Office, you must be going to Miss Euphrosyne. Go, sir, pray go at once. She is perhaps waiting for you to paint her portrait, or wind worsted for her. I would not detain you for the world."

"My dear lady," said the astonished, but good-natured coxcomb, "what can I do for you? I am sure I don't care where I go."

Mrs. Hawthorn rewarded him with a smile—such a smile! and when Peter returned from office he found his truant Assistant *(a non adjuvando)* occupying a footstool at Olivia's feet, engaged in the pleasing occupation she had hinted at with regard to Miss D'Gomes.

So slipped away the hot season and rains. Audley made one feeble attempt to leave the house, which was strenuously resisted by Olivia, and, somewhat more coldly, by Hawthorn, who seemed to be going the extreme length of getting a little tired of his visitor! But Mrs. Hawthorn redoubled her attentions, and the indolent man of pleasure was well content to stop where he was, and bask, as a blind puppy might, in the sunshine of January.

The cold weather having fairly set in, the party went *out* into the *in*terior of the District—according to a common Indian bull—Mrs. Hawthorn having over-ruled her husband's proposal that Audley should remain and carry on the current work of the office.

"Mr. D'Gomes would suffice for that, she was sure; and besides poor Mr. Ashton really ought to learn something of the District. He did not know where one of the Thannas was, poor fellow."

Peter Hawthorn was anything but an Othello, but this sort of language, frequently repeated, was beginning to cause him real annoyance, even anxiety. He saw an insipid man of fashion quartered upon him, who neglected to make himself of the slightest use, lounged coolly all about the house, and seemed to be monopolizing all Mrs. Hawthorn's time and sympathy. Poor Peter, taking a modest view of his own attractions, thought this latter fact natural, however disagreeable: and was rapidly, I believe, making up his mind that he would "stand it no longer."

The first Sunday they halted near a charming tank and Mausoleum, situated about ten miles (and a capital road) from the station of Hasilabad. Here Peter firmly required that Miss D'Gomes should join them for the day—that young lady arriving about eight o'clock. After due repose and breakfast, it was resolved to make a survey of the neighbouring ruins. And Ashton made for Euphrosyne's ele-

phant, proposing to renew old relations, and have her all to himself for the morning. At this moment,

"Come here," cried Olivia. "I want particularly to shew you such a lovely subject for a sketch:" (now really Peter would have done the sketch far better; Audley's drawings were like nothing in the world but an Italian salad, to which they often bore a striking resemblance). "You must come on my elephant. Peter, do you take care of Miss D'Gomes."

The latter reluctant couple complied with this peremptory command. Audley resigned himself with his usual nonchalance, to be shone upon; and off they started, Mrs. Hawthorn and Audley chatting earnestly on the foremost elephant; while behind, at remote corners of their Howdah, followed the Burra Sahib and Euphrosyne, looking as if they could have eaten one another with no farther sauce than the acidity of their respective states of mind. These facts I have gathered principally from Hawthorn's mahout.

There can be no doubt that the worthy Magistrate and Collector passed a miserable morning. His very affection for his wife enhanced his regret at her unwonted folly, ("but they're all alike," thought Peter moodily), and fixed his determination to get rid of his guest by some means or other before the sun set. But *l'homme propose*, etc. this resolve of his was, by all sorts of accidents, frustrated during the entire day. Strangest hap of all: next morning, when Miss D'G. had returned to the paternal punkah, Peter's whole manner had changed, and he perfectly overpowered even the *poco curante* Audley with his nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.

The party returned to the station in a few days. Again the Hawthorns sate in the pleasant arbour. "The new Assistant" is with them.

"Strange business just brought Mr. D'Gomes here," said Peter, "of course I could not help him. Euphrosyne has eloped with Mr. Enfield."

Olivia clasped her hands. Her eyes filled with tears; the re-action was too much for her, and she ran into the house, to the utter confusion of Meer Khan, who saw her skirts disappear into the shade of the verandah, before he had time even to unfurl the stately umbrella which usually shaded his master or mistress as they crossed the lawn. He was left panting and alone.

An awkward pause ensued between Hawthorn and Ashton. If they had lived before the discovery of tobacco, I know not how they could have supported it. As it was they both smoked like furnaces.

"You see," presently began Peter, "Mrs. Hawthorn has been deceiving us all. You must not mind it; 'tis a way they have. In fact we can't be too much obliged to her for the trouble she's taken. And we are all benefitted. Except perhaps poor Mr. D'Gomes; but Enfield is a smart fellow, and will make *his* way to the Deputyship too in time."

The ice of Ashton's vanity once broke; his good heart shewed him what a sacrifice Olivia had been making to friendship. Of course he went on leave till he got a change of station (accompanied, I fear, by promotion, for

they were not particular in those days), nor am I sure that the party ever met again; though I know that they always continued to entertain the warmest esteem for each other.

Audley is now a man of fourteen stone, with a cozy little wife and several children: the hard-working, and highly thought of Commissioner of the 100th Division.

And about the pleasantest couple in Cheltenham are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hawthorn.

NEAR AND FAR.

There is a glass that brightly gloweth,
With Irak's roses' warmest hue,
And its own vivid colour throweth
On all we view.

So heartfelt happiness enlightens,
With its own lustre earth and sky,
And every scene around me brightens,
When *Thou* art nigh.

There is a mist the day that shadeth,
And every beauty far and near,
Beneath the sombre veil that fadeth,
Looks dim and drear.

And so repining sorrow cloudeth
The Hope that was my cheering star,
And all that's fair, in darkness shroudeth,
When *Thou* art far.

K.

MILITARY LAW IN INDIA.

The subject upon which we are about to enter, is of so important and serious a nature, that it merits, in a most unquestionable sense, a more enlarged consideration, and a more elaborate treatment, than it will be in our power to afford within the narrow limits of our columns; and therefore we deem it but just to our readers to remind them that they will exercise a lenient indulgence in not expecting that the following pages can possibly embrace within their scope the materials necessary to delineate and particularize that portion of the law which gives the title to this Essay. It is therefore impressed upon them, in all sincerity, that it is our humble intention to simply employ our efforts towards the indication of the subject rather than its development; and thus, by candidly confessing our weakness, to confidently hope that we may not be risking the accusation of presumption or superficialness, when it may be found that important points have only been touched upon without a full and explicit analysis of their qualities.

Of the numerous definitions of Military law laid down and detailed in the various works of Civil and Military jurisprudence, we can scarcely find one sufficiently clear and unembarrassed from technical and professional phraseology to suit our purpose. In the most concise terms to be used it may, however, be briefly defined, the principle of law called equity, as applied to persons amenable to trial by a Military Court. Having now decisively premised that equity is the required definition, it will be found imperatively necessary to explain the nature of equity itself, and to enquire into the origin of its application to, and government of, Military jurisprudence. It has been already presumed that equity is a principle of law, and here law is supposed to be "that rule of action which is prescribed by some superior, and which the inferior is bound to obey." This rule of action, applied to the subjects of Great Britain, is denoted in the existence of the Statute and Common law. These laws are indigenous to the country, and in subjection to them, justice is administered, and its mandates carried into execution; but both the administration and the execution are trammelled, obstructed and delayed, by fictions and subtleties with which these laws are clouded and disfigured. In the framing of all laws justice is the object. In order, therefore, to remedy the defects above-mentioned, to extend the value of executive justice, by clearing from its path the technical obstacles which have from time to time sprung up, as the weeds and grass grow over the unfrequented causeway, it was found expedient to originate a different mode of trial, free from impediments in the shape of professional law, difficulties ingeniously invented by lawyers for their own especial benefit, and to the injury of the interests of their unfortunate clients. This mode was termed "Trial by *Equity*." It has been generally, but very er-

roneously, concluded, that according to the rules of equity, verdicts were to be delivered according as the private feelings of the Judges dictated; that in the cases brought before them, justice was to be distributed according to the particular circumstances, and the peculiar position in which the prisoners might be situated; that they had of themselves a private power to alter established laws. But it is not so; the object to be attained by equity is to provide a more open and easy course for distributive justice, than that afforded by the Common law, but in no way to abrogate the written law. It must not, however, be imagined, that the practical system of equity is not as definite and well comprehended as the law itself. Equity is, in truth, nothing more than the law administered according to the justice of the case as appearing from the evidence adduced, but free from the intricacies and fallacies which obscure the Common law. It is a more prompt and decisive method of doing justice to the public and to individuals, and passes through no channels of tedious and equivocal investigation.

Municipal law is restricted to forms, delays, and technicalities, depending on the time, place, and circumstances connected with the particular precedents which have been handed down from time out of mind, by ancient tradition and ancestral judicature; Military law is administered in pursuance to the dictates of equity, is swayed and biassed by simply that course which unalloyed justice indicates as the shortest, clearest, and least obstructed with difficulties which can be found, and by the wisdom and prudence of the convening authority. Equity establishes novel precedents, and is constantly occupied in searching for, and discovering greater facilities towards the administration of justice, when fresh cases for judgment arise—but *do not interfere* with any precedents already instituted. Municipal law, on the other hand, neither seeks nor adopts any novelties in the way of reported cases, but remains satisfied with the traditions of justice as already confirmed and laid down by past decisions and decrees as existing in the Statute and Common law. Law by equity is constantly varying as fresh reasons for such changes occur; yet it must not, from all that we have here stated, be supposed that the deciding Judges in Courts of Equity are to decide solely according to their own private or public opinion or imagination on the matter brought before them; but if there are already precedents recorded, they are bound to be guided and ruled by such precedents. The more extended in character, and the more numerous these precedents become, the less arbitrary becomes the power and judgment of the Court of Equity, because these recorded cases stand out in bold relief, to be, as it were, the confines and standards by which future decisions are to be decreed, and which the Judges of posterity are bound to regard and ratify.

Military law is, as we have before defined, simple equity, when applied to persons receiving pay from, or serving the, State.

The rules and regulations by which it is conducted and administered are published and detailed in the Mutiny Act and Articles of War. The precedents which

are from time to time recorded, and all these according to our premises of the explanation of the difference existing between Municipal law and that of Equity, form the ground-work for the studies of such officers as may be appointed to conduct and superintend Military Courts. These officers require then to make themselves perfect masters of the routine and *precedents* belonging to, and characterising Military Courts. The absolute necessity and intrinsic value of this knowledge and education is evinced in the immutable fact, that, if any deviation from the practice and recorded decisions of former Courts, unless where novel, undefined cases happen, is permitted, it destroys the principles upon which such Courts, being Courts of Equity, are founded, and by the disregard and rejection of the axioms and landmarks of equity, literally and undeniably weakens or nullifies the justice and propriety of the decree of the Court, of which they themselves may be the instructors and superintending officers.

Besides, if the crimes and misdemeanors to be punished by Military law, as well as the precedents justifying the inflictions of those punishments are not previously defined, it remains that they will be exposed to the will and discretion of Judges, who, if not always swayed by the dictates of justice, will, in condemning hastily or inconsiderately, a prisoner, be committing an act of the grossest tyranny, worthy of the darkest ages, or of the savage and uncivilised tribes. They will then be acting in diametrical opposition to the dictates of equity, and as a sequence, to those also of Military law, thereby collaterally injuring and weakening the authority and reputation for justice with which ruling powers are invested; for if it be not implicitly inculcated that those powers or their instruments have not the desire and the means to check and prevent the working of prejudice and partiality in the decisions of Judges, will not all confidence, all sustaining dependence be necessarily lost? Will not the very object for which all human judicature is established be thus suppressed?

It is hard to expect from the approving authorities that they should have to examine and cancel the abuses of judicial discretion, for if it be laid down that precedents are not to be followed, that the Judge is at liberty to decide according to his own judgment, by what rule is the confirming power to be guided? None, we apprehend, except his own conscience, which is, as long as human nature lasts, as likely to be in error as the partiality or the ignorance of the Judge. The great value of possessing precedents to guide the judgment of a Court is acknowledged and acted upon by the highest Courts of Equity in the realm. Will it then be argued, that inferior Courts, such as those governed by the Military laws of the land, are to be imagined as empowered of their own free will to decide on cases brought before them independently of all precedent—that justice is to be meted to a subject before one Court of Equity on principles deviating from those which sway the administration of justice in another? If it should be so, will justice hold the scales with an unwavering and impartial hand, as

she is declared and expected to exhibit them to her suitors? The highest Court of Equity in England is the House of Peers, and in illustration of our subject, to prove how precious in the eyes of equitable judicature all precedents should be viewed, we will cite some passages from the trial of Lord Cardigan before the Court of the Lord High Steward and the House of Lords. The Earl of Cardigan was tried on the 16th February 1841, for felony, in shooting, with intent to kill, one Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. In the course of the trial it was necessary to establish a chain of evidence, proving that the person named in the indictment was the individual at whom Lord Cardigan fired; the link of the chain which was deficient was to be supplied by the production before the Court of a card which was tendered by one of the parties at the time of his arrest; on its being produced, there was engraved upon it Captain Harvey Tuckett, upon which Sir William Follett, the Counsel for the prisoner, thus addressed the Court:—

"Your Lordships will observe that every count of the indictment contains the names of 'Harvey, Garnett, Phipps, Tuckett.' Now my Lords, I apprehend that it is not necessary to cite any authority at your Lordship's bar, to show that the prosecutor is bound to prove the Christian and Surname of the person against whom the offence is alleged to have been committed, and that if he fails in proving either the Christian or the Surname, he fails in the proof of his case. I think your Lordships will see that there is no evidence whatever to prove, that the person at whom the Noble Earl is charged to have shot upon the 12th of September was Mr. Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett"—"*positive* evidence must be given by the prosecutor to prove the identity of the person mentioned in the indictment, as being the party against whom the offence is alleged to have been committed."—"My Lords, this point has been expressly decided in the case of the King *v.* Robinson, in Holt's Reports, page 595, and it is laid down in all the books upon the point, that it is essentially necessary to prove the Christian and Surname of the party against whom the offence is alleged to have been committed."—"But I apprehend that this is not a case for an appeal to the honour or the consciences of your Lordships. The question is here, whether the prosecutor has given any evidence at all to prove an essential part of the case for the prosecution." The Attorney General, the present Lord Campbell, finding that he was gradually losing ground, endeavoured to shew that, *circumstantially*, there could be no doubt as to the identity of the person named in the indictment; that "no human being, who heard the evidence out of a Court of Justice, would for one moment hesitate in drawing the inference, that what would be sufficient to convince a reasonable man out of a Court of Justice, ought to convince a person sitting as a Judge in a Court of Justice, if that from which the inference is to be drawn is to be received according to the rules of evidence." But these plausible sophistries could not have any weight against the rules of either law or equity. Sir William Fol-

lett went on to say: "Your Lordships are now sitting as if you had never heard one word of this matter before. You are now sitting as Judges to decide upon the *evidence* in the case. Your Lordships are to dismiss from your minds everything that you have heard or read in relation to it." "The question is this, not what your Lordships know out of this House, nor what your Lordships may surmise or conjecture, but sitting as Judges in a criminal case, looking at the evidence alone." The Lord High Steward, in summing up, says—"Your Lordships were informed that no person out of doors could hesitate on the proof now given, to decide that the identity is well made out. Permit me, my Lords, to say that you are to decide for yourselves upon the proofs brought before you, and that nothing can be conceived more dangerous to the interests of justice, than for a judicial body to indulge in any speculations on what may possibly be said or thought by others who had not heard the same evidence, nor act with the same responsibility, nor possibly confine their attention to the evidence actually adduced." Now it would be but too easy to cite cases which have occurred in India, where persons have been found guilty by Courts Martial, where the evidence was not sufficient to carry a conviction. We are not, however, desirous to rake up names, or to record censure upon the confirming authorities or their instruments of justice, but we are anxious to point out and denounce any undue deviation from the established precedents of Courts of Equity under the Military law. It has been alleged by persons who do not incur any imputation for ignorance or partiality, whose experience entitles them to be heard with attention, that "although a Civil tribunal would not attempt to convict a prisoner upon insufficient evidence, yet a Court Martial being a Court of Equity, is not so technical; that the Judges have often other strong grounds for convicting the accused; that a man's general character either upholds or condemns him in a crisis, especially if he has been suspected of similar malpractices before." But we ask, is this Equity? We have already seen that the highest Court of Equity in the Commonwealth acquitted a supposed criminal, because the train of evidence was weak and unproved—although, as they were told no reasonable person out of Court would have hesitated to surmise that he was guilty. So the Members of a Court Martial are bound, by the most sacred obligation, to decide as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, according to the *evidence before them;* and this, moreover, "without *partiality, favour or affection:*" if they do otherwise, they break through the appointed basis upon which Military law is founded. Thus it is that we say that precedents are necessary to guide a Military Court, and to prevent any illegal, unjust and unwarrantable neglect or abuse of the discretionary power placed in the hands of its Members, when they assemble to adjudicate upon the conduct and determine the future happiness or misery of their fellow soldiers. To those unaccustomed to search accurately into the causes of various effects apparently unac-

countable in their nature; to those unwilling, from wilful idleness, destructive to all mental improvement, to analyse the roots of a proposition involving in its character the welfare of a fellow-creature; to those whose minds, either from feebleness or inherent innate unsoundness, are easily biassed by evil report or by numbers, to yield their opinion without a struggle for the sake of justice; to those who, from vindictive malice, concealed or avowed, or from a deep-seated irreconcileable hostility, thirst for the professional ruin or death of a comrade: to all such, any innovations, however precious to the Service at large, must, it is obvious, be a subject of trifling importance; but the value of an adherence to an established record of precedents would most materially counteract the evil consequences of their ignorance, indifference, weakness of intellect, malice, prejudice, or hostility. This may not be considered as looking at the brightest side of the picture, but if one member alone of the whole community can be saved from the sentence of a Court influenced by the evil qualities already detailed, the object for which we have advocated the use of, and authorised reference to, precedents, is satisfactorily accomplished. The whole of the argument and reasons we have before recounted may be also employed in favour of one settled, undeviating Code to regulate, what is commonly termed, the "rules of practice" of Military Courts. Day after day we are witnesses to the delightful "*insouciance*" of the superintendents of Courts Martial in this particular; they appear quite unconscious that they should retain any knowledge of one fixed principle to govern their duty and superintendence. And why? Because, if even there is any recorded principle to guide them, it is not judged essentially necessary to the due and impartial administration of justice that they should pay it any deference. Do our readers imagine that we are misleading them? If they do, we can assure them in all sincerity, that they can judge for themselves at any moment by comparing the records of the management and conduct of any late General Court Martial of importance, with the systems laid down by all the highest and most constitutional writers on Military law. We have already stated, and reiterate the sentiment, that it would be but too easy to enter into minutiæ, and explain by particular past illustrations the truth of our assertion; but it would not advance one scintilla, the furtherance of the object of our Essay, which is after all but intended to concentrate the reflections of those in whose power it may be to alter present rules which may be found faulty, and to frame others which may be proved to be more consistent with the equitable administration of justice. To satisfy, nevertheless, the mind, that strict adherence to an established rule of practice in Military Courts is believed to be beneficial, the present extract is quoted, which may be justifiably compared with the daily general routine as followed by the Officers to whom it especially alludes.

"In the performance of his duty the Judge Advocate will always be guided by a just sense of his official character and situation. As he has no judicial pow-

er nor any determinative voice, either in the sentences or the interlocutory opinions of the Court, so he is not entitled to regulate or to dictate those sentences or opinions, or in any shape interfere in the proceedings of the Court further than by giving his counsel and advice.

Although not enjoined by any particular enactment of the Military law, yet it is the established practice that the Judge Advocate should assist the prisoner in the conduct of his defence, especially in those cases where the prisoner has not the power or the means of obtaining professional Counsel to assist him; and when he must stand greatly in need of such advice, in trying circumstances, as are sufficient often to overwhelm the acutest intellect, and embarrass or suspend the powers of the most cultivated understanding."

In a Civil Court it is held that the Judge should be the Counsel for the prisoner. So also the Judge Advocate in Courts Martial shall do justice to the cause of the prisoner, by giving its due weight to every circumstance or argument in his favour, shall bring the same fairly and completely into the view of the Court; shall suggest "the supplying of all omissions in the body of exculpatory evidence; shall engross in the written proceedings all matters, either directly or indirectly, or by presumption tending to the prisoner's defence; and, finally, shall not avail himself of any advantage which his superior knowledge or ability, or his influence with the Court may give him, in enforcing the conviction rather than the acquittal of the person accused." Does this judicious valuable advice apply itself in accordance with the practice of Judge Advocates in India? Is it not a matter of flagrant notoriety, of deep, ill-concealed indignation, of uncontrollable but fruitless resentment against a system, that the usual conduct of Judge Advocates is diametrically and most unconcernedly, (on their part,) opposed to these excellent exalted precepts for the guidance of their practice. Instead of the upright, impartial judgment of the judicial superintendent of a Court of Justice, is there never witnessed the biassed impetuous Advocate of vindictive retribution, rather than of merciful, even-handed justice? In place of the calm, dignified composure of the Government prosecutor, who, confiding in the perfect knowledge he possesses of his duties; endeavours with a skilful, unprejudiced hand, to guide the Court throughout the labyrinth of conflicting evidence, to the discovery of the pure, unalloyed truth; do we never behold the hasty, undignified fretfulness of contemptible incapacity, urging on the Court with ill-directed, misguided haste, to the conviction of the almost defenceless, helpless prisoner; defenceless from the deficiency of instructive aid, helpless from his own inexperience and total ignorance of the rules and practice of Military law. Whether such scenes as these, such contrasts as we have here depicted, do in reality occur, we must leave our readers to judge for themselves. But we ask, if it shall be found, on enquiry, that they do exist, are there any substantial grounds for the application of a remedy? If there are, we would strongly recommend

some fixed, acknowledged standard, by which Courts of Military law may be directed. Let there be an authorized published compilation of the proceedings of all General Courts Martial, so that "one who runs may read;" that all may know what they are to expect, and that thus justice may be meted out universally in pursuance of one established and recorded code of precedents. Let the rules of practice governing the duties of the members of Courts Martial and those of Judge Advocates be laid down and clearly defined by an authorised publication; and if there is practised any deviation from such printed works on these subjects, as may emanate from the Government Press, let the prisoner have the benefit of such illegality in his trial, thus following the rules of equity as inculcated by all the best authors who have treated on the principles of Equity and Military law. The expence of such works would be defrayed by the purchasers. Their price would of course be determined by their cost. It should also be believed and fulfilled that all Courts Martial should be amenable to the instruction and principles contained in them. It would then be seen that the public confidence in the justice of the decisions of Courts Martial would be based on a sure, imperishable foundation; that the sad destructive effects of the uncertainty, said at present to pervade Military judicature, would be dissipated and averted. The prisoner would appear before the judgment seat of his fellow soldiers, with a full confiding dependence upon their knowledge and integrity; he would find in the Judge Advocate the strict and honorable "moderator between the accused and the accuser;" the impartial, though zealous seeker of the truth, the uninstructive, unprejudiced instrument of administrative justice. The accused would not be liable to undergo a punishment almost equal to capital, without a sufficient proof depending on the evidence, by which the Court had sworn to be guided, and they themselves having certain precedents, in most instances, placed before their view by the Judge Advocate, would have their minds and consciences liberated from the unhappy, remorseful reflection, that they had convicted, and perhaps by such conviction, driven into eternal disgrace, and ignominious dishonour, an innocent brother; for having acted and decided, according to established, acknowledged precedents, they will be divested from the solemn responsibility of having done that which, on reflection, they would have undone; that is, have decided contrary to equity and justice.

THE ZENANA.

I.

MORNING was on the City ; white mehal,
And terrace whence the rushing peacock flew,
And dome majestical, and minar tall,
And gardens where the light mimosa grew,
And steel-clad myriads mustering on the wall,
And snowy heights against Heaven's vivid blue,
All shone and sparkled, beautifully bright,
As leapt into the sky the mighty Lord of light.
Myriads through the gloomy gateway, myriads down the narrow street,
Elephants with stately paces, camels with the spongy feet,
Troops of horsemen, mobs of spearmen, each one crying now and then,
(From the motto of their banner)—"In the name of God, Amen !"
And the pale trader buckles on the brand
His child has sharpened, with its trembling hand,
The women clustering, scared, within, to wait
Alone, the crisis of impending fate ;
Alone they watch, for their defenders all
March with the host, or stay to guard the wall.
Hurry, O prince, thy horse below is neighing,
Thy sacred standard in the wind flies free,
Thy shouting hosts are for their leader staying,
The battle waits but thee.
High is his look and proud,
But she, from the lattice frame,
Looks on the glittering, restless crowd,
And her cheek grows white at the surging loud,
Of that sea of living flame.
"Farewell, beloved," the Chieftain said,
And laid his hands upon her drooping head,
"The arrogant foe is at my very door,
And must not find me lagging ; ere night falls,
I will bring captive, humbled in my halls,
This insolent oppressor of the poor.
Watch thou the issue : he (on whom be peace),
Who makes the madness of the mightiest cease,
The Prophet be my helper, and the LORD ;
Or if my sins o'erwhelm me, blest be their award."

He paused : a sadder look awhile he wore,
And his eye flashed not proudly as before,
But fell awhile in humid tenderness
On her, whose passionate sobbing shook her frame,
Yet told of resolution none the less,
The thin lip's high-toned smile was still the same :

Look once met look, hand once met clasping hand,
Forth to the fight he rides, girt by a kingly band.

II.

Poets long ago have told
All the circumstance of war,
All the blaze of steel and gold,
All the banners seen afar,
In its fullest tide it rolled
On the dauntless Soobadar.

Oh, the horrors of the battle,
When the squadron's mingling spears,
Cannon's roar, and musquet's rattle
Sweetly sound in Azrael's ears.
—But an hour is appointed to all,
And thine is come to thee,
On, on, to the place of thy fall,
Die, as thou livedst, free.
Death's Angel thousands smote that day,
But found no nobler, less unwilling prey.

An Eastern Army yields as soon
As in the fight its leader falls,
He died about the hour of noon,
The next, the foe were on his walls.
It must have been a sight to see,
That host defiling through the streets,
Drunk with the wine of victory,
And bringing Death to all it meets.
A band of fifty chosen men,
Of valiant men who drew the sword,
True to their training, even then,
Accompany the victor-lord;
Onward they confidently go,
To the dead man's Seraglio.
There the leader, proud and great,
Entering, left them at the gate
To announce to those within
What had been their change of fate;
On a couch disconsolate,
That bereaved beauty sate,
Motionless and desperate,
Hearing what the fortune of the fight had been.

Some hearts there are whom beauty pleases most,
When clouded by this passionate distress;
Such was the General of the invading host,
A yielding slave had wrought his senses less,

She weeping, turns her eyes another way,
"Him thou hast foully slain, his wife in mercy slay."

"Ah, Houri, hide not thy sweet face,
  Thinkest the moon's majestic beams
Would suffer any deep disgrace,
  If, through my lattice, their mild splendour streams?"

Still veiled, she gave him neither yea nor nay,
But ever the same moaned prayer—"Slay me, O slay."

"Aye, lady, say you so?" at length he cried,
Incensed by passion, and a conqueror's pride,
"I waste no words on rebels; do you mark
Where stands the sun?" "No, all to me is dark,
My sun is set for aye." "So be it; but when
He sets to me, and other happy men
Prepare to meet me with submission due,
Such is my will, my will is law to you."
  "Since it is thus," the widowed beauty said,
And bared her cheek of palpitating red—
Nor marvel if this bitter path she chose,
Such are the terms that barbarous laws impose—
"Since nought but this will satisfy my Lord,
His slave accepts the grace his lips accord."

  And now she is alone once more,
A settled pallor on that late flushed-cheek,
  And though her terror-stricken girls implore,
She will not look at them, nor speak.
  Ah me! the heart that longs to mourn,
    Will quickly force the frame to bow,
  Will learn to find itself forlorn,
    Till the tears spring beneath the aching brow.
Weeping, she sate with vacant sense,
  Slumberer-like, in wakefulness intense;
At length, slow rising, with the same fixed view,
  Beckoned a faithful slave-girl, and withdrew.

III.

The day sped on, the heat decreased,
  The sun went swiftly down the sky,
None but the dwellers in the East,
  Can know the gorgeous deeps that lie
About the sunset, in that clime,
Where twilight is a spectral time,
  And flits as soon as seen,
Yielding to night, yet leaves a mark,
Down on the corner of the dark,
To shew where Day, before it sank, had been.

No tongue could tell, nor pencil paint,
The purple, crimson, gold and red,
Which, boldly bright, or sweetly faint,
Like richly woven curtains, spread
Their glory round the day-god's dying head.

And night came on, ambrosial, calm, and cool,
The tall trees shivered in the dewy moon,
Stars shone, far down, in many a palm-grown pool,
And lights from windows lay on the lagoon
Which girded all the Palace ; the high gate
Was open to the conqueror's haughty tread,
And by the draw-bridge bars no warder sate,
Unchecked, unchallenged, on he sped ;
Wandering uncertain, till from far,
A prelude sounded from a soft sitar,
And as to guide him through the gathering shade,
The voice of one who sang this serenade—

" Under the mouldering graves
Where the dead men lie,
Over the dark sky waves
True Love can fly—
Love can fly.

As the moth to the light,
To the blossom the bee,
As the moon-flower to night,
So my spirit to thee—
Aye to thee."

The Victor's heart beat high,
He did not dare to speak,
Hope kindled his dilated eye
And flushed his swarthy cheek.

The air was thick with incense, and the floor
Rich with the woofs of Turkey and of Ind ;
And a pale girl beside the lofty door,
As passionless as if she ne'er had sinned,
Rose, touched her forehead, and went on before ;
While onward as the following warrior goes,
His soul imbibes the deep luxurious repose.

The breezes on the Mere have gathered damp,
And, stealing through the latticed marble, come,
With shouts of revel from the neighbouring camp,
And women's shrieks, drowned by the incessant drum,
All vague and indistinct, like mutterings of the dumb.

" God ! wot a woman's fealty ; fools indeed
There are like him whom morn beheld my foe,
Who know not that the present still succeed
The loved of yesterday, and short-lived woe :
I love her who is fairest, when I die,
The next that comes, may do the same as I."

Still voiceless solitudes the corridors,
Still vacant all the gorgeous saloon,
Light sank exhausted on the silent floors,
And sickened in the farthest Anderoon,
But dimly shewed a dim alcove,
With heavy curtains draped around,
Which long had known no other sound,
Than whispered words of wedded love.
There, from the billowy arch-points to the ground,
Hung curtains, rich from China's freakish loom ;
The exulting Satrap halted, he had found
The nest of love, bowered in its own sweet gloom.
The wild-eyed girl bent forward ; " Lo !
The hour and place ; speak not, my Lord, I go."

Stretch but a hand to yonder throne,
Lift but a drapery,
Lord of the Earth ! the victory
Is now, indeed, thine own.

What fixes then that glaring look ?
What lifts that starting hair ?
His palsied grasp the hangings shook,
As if a snake were there.

Alas ! no simulative toil of art
Could paint the horrors of that sudden sight ;
The morning Star, the Beauty of the Light,
The Joy of Life, the sympathetic Heart,
The bride of Majesty, the Moon of night !

Pale, livid, stark, each limb,
Rigidly fixed each eye,
Which beamed but yesternight on him,
For whom she lived, for whom she dared to die.

H. G. K.

NOTE.—The story on which the above lines are founded will have long ere this suggested itself to the memory of the lover of Indian History. Khafy Khan relates that Adam Khan was sent in the beginning of Akbar's reign against Bay Bahadur, an adherent of the Afghan King, Shir Shah II. Bay Bahadur's wife, the heroine of the story, was a Hindoo, and a poetess of admitted celebrity. It will be remembered that the Hindoo women unveil when they have determined to perform Suttee. It may be satisfactory to the ladies to hear that Adam Khan—the " conquering hero" of the above lines—was shortly after thrown headlong from a tower by order of the Emperor, for stabbing the Vizier at his prayers.—*Vide* ELPHINSTONE.—Vol II., pp. 226-7.

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER II.

Articles of the League.—Plan of Nicolas David.

So far back as the year 1563, the Cardinal of Lorraine had suggested to the Council of Trent a similar scheme for the extirpation of heresy, and had proposed that his brother, the great Duke of Guise, whose reputation had been widely spread by his recent victory at Dreux, should be placed at its head. But the assassination of that nobleman during the siege of Orleans caused the project to be abandoned for the time. At a later period, when in 1573, the discontent of a large portion of the Catholic community tended to strengthen the cause of the Protestants, the Cardinal fancied a favorable opportunity had arrived for the advancement of his nephew Henry of Guise, whose ambition equalled, while his patriotism fell far short of that of his father. The death of the Cardinal in 1574 again retarded the development of the scheme, but the outlines had been well considered and understood by the young Duke, who availing himself of the general dissatisfaction of the Catholics at the peace lately granted to the Huguenots, prepared to take a prominent part in the struggle that was evidently about to recommence between the rival factions. Perhaps few men have ever been better qualified for the part he was now called upon to fill. In the thirtieth year of his age, of a lofty and heroic stature, and possessed of great muscular power, his personal appearance at once riveted the attention of the vulgar. To the soldier he was endeared by his reckless valour, his patience of fatigue and privation, his marvellous address in all martial exercises, and his constant cheerfulness. The softer sex, whose influence on the fortunes of mankind none can deny, loved him for his manly beauty softened by the most winning smile and the most delicate complexion; for his gentle and engaging manners, elevated by a certain natural grace and dignity; for his plausibility and apparent frankness, which served to conceal the most profound dissimulation; for his generous and magnanimous disposition, and perhaps a little for his very fickleness and fantastic capriciousness. And yet, though idolized by his numerous mistresses, he never permitted any one of them to exercise the slightest influence over his conduct, but seemed to look upon them merely as the pastime of a leisure hour or as instruments to acquire the secrets of others. But he had also higher qualities than these, which imposed on all alike, and marked him as one born to command. On the other hand, his faults were many and grave. He was ambitious for selfish objects, and scrupled not to make the most holy interests, the most sacred duties, subservient to his private schemes for personal aggrandizement. His confidence

in his own genius and fortune oftentimes amounted to presumption, and made him lose for the moment his habitual coolness and self-possession, so that the fruits of much toil, perseverance, and deceit escaped his grasp when their attainment seemed most certain. But his character on the whole formed a perfect contrast to that of the King, and his very failings appeared as virtues when compared with those of his sovereign. On Henry's accession to the throne, he had exhibited a feeling of predilection for the society of Guise, but the companions of his degrading pleasures and puerile pursuits instilled into his suspicious mind an early jealousy of one endowed with such high abilities, and who shamed him by his superiority. The contempt that a man of Guise's temperament could hardly fail to entertain for the imbecile frivolity of the monarch, was soon converted into active hatred by the slights he daily received, not from the King indeed, but from his minions, and for which he could obtain no redress. It was therefore perhaps only natural that he should embrace the present opportunity of avenging his unmerited disgrace, and of achieving for himself a rank and name for which he was so well calculated by his abilities, his disposition, and the circumstances of the times.

In the preceding year an association, somewhat resembling that proposed by the late Cardinal, had been formed in Poitou by Count Lude, but the active vigilance of the President Christopher de Thou thwarted the designs of Guise's emissaries in Paris, and few of the respectable burgesses ventured to affix their signatures to a paper veiled in more mystery than truth requires, though it demanded their implicit obedience to a leader hereafter to be chosen for the specious purpose of extirpating heresy, and of maintaining the civil rights of the people as they existed under Clovis. With the vulgar and the weak, indeed, this very air of mystery sufficed to engage them heart and soul in a cause, of which they could form no clear conception. But it might have proved impossible for Guise to have effected his object, at least at this period, had it not been for the timely aid and co-operation of James de Humières, governor of Peronne, and the most influential man in Picardy. This gentleman had on a former occasion, been harshly, perhaps unfairly, treated by the Montmorency family with regard to an important law-suit he was then prosecuting, while the great Duke of Guise had uniformly befriended him, and even caused him to be enrolled among the knights of St. Michael, at the famous chapter of that order held by Francis II. in 1560.*

He now felt himself further aggrieved by Condé's attempts to dispossess him of the government of Peronne, and accordingly lent a willing ear to the suggestions and schemes of the son of his late benefactor. Giving out that Condé purposed to enforce the universal profession of Calvinism as

* This order became so prostituted by the Guises that it was contemptuously termed the "*collier à toutes bêtes.*" It was subsequently replaced in a great measure by the order of the Saint Esprit, instituted by Henry III. in 1579.

soon as he became master of Picardy, he easily excited the indignation of the peasantry, and of the almost equally ignorant and bigotted nobles. A meeting was accordingly held at Peronne, and nearly two hundred gentlemen signed a document to the following effect*:—

"*Association formed by the Princes, Lords, Gentlemen and others, as well of the Ecclesiastical order as of the Nobility and the Third Estate, subjects and inhabitants of the Land of Picardy.*

"In the name of the Holy Trinity and of the Communion of the precious body of Jesus Christ, we have promised and sworn on the Holy Gospel and by our lives and honour and worldly goods to pursue and guard inviolately the articles here agreed upon and subscribed by us, on pain of being for ever declared perjured and infamous, and deemed unworthy of all nobility and honour. First, considering the well known intrigues and conspiracies formed contrary to the honour of God, the Holy Catholic Church, and against the State and Monarchy of this realm of France, as well by some of the subjects of the same as by foreigners, and that the long and continual civil wars and dissensions have so much weakened our kings and reduced them to such necessity that it is no longer possible for them of themselves to sustain the outlay suitable and expedient for the preservation of our religion, or to maintain us henceforth under their protection in security of our persons, families and effects, in which we have already heretofore experienced such grievous injury and loss. We have esteemed it most necessary and proper to render first of all the honour due unto God and unto the maintenance of our Catholic religion, and likewise to prove ourselves more devoted to its preservation than are the backsliders from the true faith to the advancement of a new and false opinion. And to this effect we do swear and promise to employ ourselves with all our power to restore and maintain the exercise of our said Catholic, Apostolical, and Roman religion in which we and our forefathers have been brought up, and in which it is our intention to live and die.

"And we do likewise swear and promise all obedience, honour, and most humble service to King Henry, at present reigning over us, whom God hath given to us for our sovereign, king and lord, rightfully called by the law of the realm to the succession of his predecessors; and after him to all the posterity of the house of Valois, and to all others, who after those of the said house of Valois, shall be called to the crown by the law of the realm. And by the obedience and service that we are bound by every title to render unto our said King Henry at present reigning, we do again promise to employ our lives and means for the preservation of his authority and for the execution of all orders that shall be given unto us by himself, by his Lieutenants General, or by others

* This is not precisely the form that was signed on this occasion, but the one that was accepted by the States of Blois. As there was no very material difference, I have preferred to give the form that was recognised as the Creed of the Leaguers.

duly authorized by him, as well for maintaining the exclusive exercise of the Catholic, Apostolical, and Roman religion, as for reducing to reason and implicit obedience his rebel subjects, without recognizing any one whomsoever but him and those by him commissioned unto us. And inasmuch as, owing to the beneficence and prudence of our said king and sovereign lord, it hath pleased him to confer so great a boon on all the subjects of his realm as to convoke them to a general assembly of all orders and estates of the same, to hear the complaints and grievances of his said subjects, and to effect a holy and sound reformation of the abuses and disorders, which have long time prevailed in the said realm, in the hope that God will vouchsafe unto us some notable resolution from so great and worthy an assembly :—we do promise and swear to employ our means and lives for the entire execution of the decision formed by the said States, namely, in whatever shall concern the maintenance of our Catholic, Apostolical, and Roman religion, the vindication of the power and prerogatives of the king, and the welfare and repose of our country, the whole notwithstanding without prejudice to our ancient rights and privileges, which we do understand to be always fully and entirely upheld and safeguarded. And moreover for the above object, all we the undersigned do promise to hold ourselves ready, well armed, mounted, and attended according to our quality, to execute at a moment's notice, so soon as we shall receive our instructions, whatever shall be commanded us by the king, our said sovereign lord, by his Lieutenants General, or by others duly authorized and empowered by him, as well for the protection of our own province as to march elsewhere, if need be, for the preservation of our said religion and the service of his said Majesty. Without however it being allowed or permitted for the gentlemen to take part or office under other banners than that of the chief, or of the district to which they shall belong unless with permission and leave of the king or of his Lieutenant, or of the chief elected by the said Association, to wit M. de Humières, unto whom we do promise to render all honour and obedience. To whose council shall be summoned and invited six of the principal gentlemen of the province and others of suitable quality and approved fidelity, in order, with their co-operation, to provide for the accomplishment of the abovenamed objects, at the expences, charges, and costs expedient and necessary for such purpose in proportion to the means and appliances of the said district. In the name of which district we do offer for this purpose to the number of four Cornettes of horse, well armed and mounted, together with eleven Ensigns of foot as well for the protection of the said province as for foreign service, when need shall be, without, however, anyway including the companies of ordinance, seeing that they are obliged to act elsewhere ; and likewise for each company whether of horse or foot, three gentlemen of the country of experience and valour shall be proposed to the King's Lieutenant, or to the officer duly empowered by his Majesty, to

choose and elect one from among them.*

"And because such levies cannot be made without great charges and costs, and because it is most just for such a desirable and necessary object to employ all the means that each may possess, there shall be levied and collected in the district the amount so required and judged expedient, by decree of the King's Lieutenant or by other duly empowered by His Majesty, who shall thereafter be supplicated graciously to authorize and sanction the same, seeing that it is for so holy and express an occasion as for the service of God and His Majesty: in which imposition of taxes shall nevertheless in no sort be included the nobility, inasmuch as they will render personal service, or at least will furnish men, horses and arms, according as shall be commanded unto them by the chief of the League, or by others by him deputed. And for the more easy collection of the said imports there shall in each Bailewick or Seneschalship of the said district be deputed one or two gentlemen or others of substance and requisite fidelity, to ascertain the capabilities, and particularly to learn on the spot whatever shall pertain to this object and need, and afterwards to make their report, and instruct those who shall be charged with this duty by the King's Governor or Lieutenant in this province, or by other, by him empowered. And if any one of the said Catholics of the said province, after being invited to enter the present association, shall make any difficulty about it, or use delay, inasmuch as it is only for the honour of God, the king's service, and the welfare and repose of the Kingdom, such an one shall be esteemed throughout the country an enemy of God and apostate from his religion, rebel and traitor to his King, and betrayer of his native land, and with the common accord and agreement of all men of worth shall be abandoned of all, forsaken, and exposed to every insult and oppression that may happen to him, without his ever being receivable into the company, friendship, and alliance of the said associates and confederates, who have all vowed mutual friendship and good understanding towards each other, for

* The colours of the Cavalry were denominated Cornettes. This designation was also applied by Charles VIII. to the Royal Standard, which must not however be confounded with the Oriflamme, for that was never used after the year 1465, when Louis XI. bore it against the Burgundians. Charles IX. added the epithet *Blanche*, and removed the fleurs-de-lis, so that it was of pure white without any design or device. Those who served more immediately under the Cornette Blanche were mostly gentlemen volunteers. With regard to the Compagnies d'ordonnance, they were introduced by Charles VII., who reduced to fifteen companies the bands of vagabond soldiery that infested the kingdom. Each company consisted of one hundred gens-d'armes under a Captain, a Lieutenant, a *guidon* or standard bearer, and an Ensign. Each *lance fournie*, or *garnie*, was attended by three archers, a page, and a *coutillier*, so called from the long *couteau*, or knife, that formed his only weapon. These attendants were originally of gentle blood, and were all mounted, though the gens-d'armes were naturally the heaviest part of the corps. Sometimes as many as a hundred volunteers would join a company commanded by a popular leader. Even after the reign of Francis I., when the days of chivalry were nearly over, many highly respectable families sent their younger sons to serve in the Compagnies d'ordonnance. The archers however were replaced by Light Cavalry or Carbineers. The pay of a *lance fournie* was thirty francs a month, but it must be borne in mind that under Francis I., a sheep without its skin and fat might be purchased for five sous. All the members of a corps wore a casaque or surcoat of the Captain's livery, and emblazoned with his arms, but Louis XIII. preferred the simple cuirass as more dazzling to the eyes of the enemy. La Noue mentions that in a company of fifty lances there would be 310 horsemen, of whom at least 60 were gentlemen. In the time of Henry IV., the companies of Princes or Governors of Provinces usually consisted of 200 horse.

the maintenance of their religion, the service of the king, and the preservation of their country, their persons, their properties and families. Moreover we do promise to keep each other, under the obedience and authority of his Majesty, in all security and repose, and to protect and defend each other from all oppression; and if there should arise any difference or quarrel among us, the same shall be composed by the King's Lieutenant-General or those by him appointed, who shall cause to be executed with the good will and pleasure of his Majesty, whatever shall be adjudged right and reasonable for our reconciliation. And if it shall be deemed for the king's service, the welfare and tranquillity of the said province, and for the attainment of our object, that it be needful to correspond with the neighbouring provinces, we do promise to succour and aid them with all our power and means, according as it shall be regulated by the said King's Lieutenant, or other having his Majesty's authority so to do.

"And we do likewise promise to use all our power and means to preserve and guard the ecclesiastical order from all injustice and oppression. And if by overt violence or otherwise any one shall attempt to do them injury whether in their persons or in their property, to oppose ourselves to such, and to protect them from such wrong, seeing that we are united and associated with them for the defence and preservation of the honour of God, and of our religion. Also because it is not our intention in any sort to harass those of the new opinion who shall be disposed to remain tranquil without attempting anything contrary to the honour of God, the king's service, and the welfare and repose of his subjects, we do promise to guard them without their being any way molested in their consciences or troubled in their persons, property, honours, and families, provided that they in no way contravene whatever shall be decreed by his Majesty after the conclusion of the States General, or any article whatsoever of the said Catholic religion.

"And seeing that this cause ought to be shared indifferently by all persons who profess to live in the Catholic religion, we the undersigned, do admit and receive into the present union all persons placed in authority and post of judicature and of justice, all corporations and communities of towns and generally all others of the Third Estate living in the Catholic faith, as above said, promising in like manner to maintain, preserve, and guard them from all violence and oppression, whether in person or property, each in his several condition and calling. We have promised and sworn to keep the above-named articles, and to observe them in every point, without ever contravening them, and without having respect unto any friendship, relationship, or alliance, that we may have towards any one whomsoever, of whatever quality or religion he may be, who might be disposed to act against the King's commands and ordinances, and the welfare and repose of this realm, and in like manner to keep secret the present association, without any way communicating it or making it known to any person whomsoever, except to those who shall belong to the present association: and

this we will again swear, and confirm on our conscience and honour, and under the penalties abovementioned : the whole under the king's authority, renouncing all other associations, if any heretofore have been formed."

To this document were appended 197 signatures, mostly of persons of considerable local influence, and headed by the name of the governor of Peronne, J. de Humières, the nominal head of the League of Picardy.

It is impossible not to be struck with the subtlety with which this declaration was drawn up. Professing the utmost reverence for the king and for all placed in authority under him, it nevertheless binds the members of the association to implicit obedience to a chief to be elected by themselves, and therefore not necessarily the king. It further encroaches on the royal prerogative in levying troops and imposing taxes for the nominal purpose of establishing the exclusive exercise of the Roman Catholic Religion, at the same time that it engages the confederates not to molest those of the new opinion who might be disposed to live tranquilly in their respective homes. While protesting an inviolable respect for the laws of the realm, it supersedes the action of those laws by pledging the associates to mutual protection and defence. Finally, it demands the cloak of secrecy, for its motives will not bear the searching light of truthful criticism ; for if the Protestants were not to be disturbed, what was the object of the League ; and if the King or his representative were to guide their operations, what need was there for secrecy ? But it was well and generally understood by the initiated that the Duke of Guise was the actual Chief of the League, though Humières might preside over its movements in Picardy, as did De Vins in Provence, and La Tremouille in Poitou. Nor was the king ignorant of the machinations contriving against him, and which tended to reduce the royal power to an unmeaning pageant, for both Navarre and Condé had apprized him of what was passing around them. But more explicit information on the subject was furnished by his ambassador at the Court of Madrid, who sent him a copy of some most important papers that fully disclosed the object of this secret association, and the means by which it was proposed to be attained.

One Nicolas David, a lawyer of no repute, whose bigotry had been inflamed by a private dispute with some Huguenots, about this time undertook a journey to Rome, to induce Pope Gregory XIII. to bestow his sanction on a scheme engendered by fanaticism and revenge, or perhaps suggested by some of the artful emissaries of Guise. On the journey he died—whether from natural or accidental causes does not clearly appear, nor is it of much moment—and in his portmanteau were found the papers he had foolishly prepared beforehand. These were laid before Philip II., and a copy of them fell into the hands of the French Ambassador—by what means diplomatists best may tell. Their purport may be briefly stated. The papal benediction, it was asserted, which Stephen II. conferred on the race of Charlemagne,

could not have extended to the usurper Hugh Capet. Consequently the Lorraine Princes, the true descendants of that Emperor, were the rightful heirs to the Crown, and would certainly obtain the blessing of Heaven and the active co-operation of all good Catholics in recovering those rights which would enable them to counteract the mischievous tendencies of the late impious peace. Ever since the usurpation of the founder of the present line of Monarchs, the curse of God had hung like a cloud over the country. The sovereigns had been idiots, or at least weak in intellect and equally feeble in bodily frame. Civil wars and heresies had exhausted the resources and vital strength of the Kingdom. The late Edict of Pacification would further serve to undermine the groundwork of the true religion, unless all good Catholics united to uphold their tottering Church, and repress the audacity of the Sectarians. Let not the king fear to render himself unpopular by violating an unholy treaty. The Duke of Guise will take upon himself the entire odium, or the entire glory. Let all swear to receive him as their leader. Let the priests form a list of all their parishioners, who are able to bear arms. Let them in the confessionals (!) give their instructions to the faithful as they shall have received them from their superiors, and as these again shall have been directed by the Duke of Guise. The Protestants shall not be disappointed of the States they have so clamorously demanded. But Blois is an open town, and the chief will besides have taken care that the Deputies should represent alone the good and zealous Catholics. Experienced Captains will secretly raise trustworthy soldiers, who shall swear to execute whatever is commanded them. The Duke of Anjou, the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the leaders and supporters of the heretics shall be artfully induced to attend the meeting of the States, while to avert suspicion the Duke of Guise shall prudently remain absent. If any one oppose the resolutions of the States he shall be declared, if a prince of the blood, to have forfeited all claim to the succession; if of inferior rank, he shall be guilty of death. One universal profession of faith shall then be pronounced. The Council of Trent shall be proclaimed throughout the Kingdom in its entire and unrestricted acceptation. France shall be placed under the direct protection and guidance of the sovereign Pontiff, and all edicts in favor of heresy shall be utterly revoked. A brief delay shall be allowed the Calvinists for their conversion, at the expiration of which the Duke shall take the command of the forces, for these in the meantime have gradually closed around Blois, hemming in the disturbers of the peace as in a net—and at their head he shall carry off Monsieur, and put him on his trial as an abettor of heresy. He shall then lay waste the open country, invest the fortified towns, exterminate the heretics, and finally, with the Pope's consent and the congratulations of all good men, confine the king in a monastery as Pepin did to Childeric, and ascend the throne to the glory of the Catholic religion and the honour and welfare of the realm.

It is not probable however that

at this early period the Duke of Guise had raised his thoughts so high as to aim at the Crown, and it is more reasonable to conclude that these wild projects really emanated from the heated brain of a furious bigot. But the thunderstorm is oft-times foreshown by a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

CHAPTER III.

Henry III. and his Mignons.—The States of Blois.—The Sixth Civil War.—The King's Peace.—Deaths of Quelus, Mangison, and St. Mégrin.—Creation of a new Order of Knighthood, that of the Holy Ghost.—The Seventh Civil War, commonly called The Lover's War.—Anjou's Expedition into Flanders.—His Final Discomfiture.

While the minds of men were thus agitated, while mistaken zeal for religion on the part of the ignorant multitude, and the selfish ambition of the Lorraine princes, were conjuring up a storm that threatened to involve the entire kingdom in frightful confusion—while the nobles from a natural love of war, the soldiery from habits of lawlessness and rapine, the clergy from mingled motives of superstition and worldliness, and those turbulent spirits who in times of peace become vulgar criminals or gross debauchees, but in scenes of anarchy rise to temporary though unenviable eminence; while these discordant ingredients combined to form a coherent mass of opposition and offence, destined well nigh to wrest the sceptre from the feeble grasp of the last of the line of Valois, it may be interesting to inquire what was the conduct of the monarch himself. He saw, but he heeded not, the approaching hurricane. The enjoyment of the fleeting hour alone occupied his thoughts. For the future he cared as little as for the past. Immersed in pleasure, he paid no regard to affairs of State but gladly resigned the anxieties and responsibilities of royalty to the Queen-mother, while he was content to revel in the excesses that mis-directed power placed within his reach. His favorites and boon companions were young nobles of no reputation, on whom he lavished the treasures and most important offices of the realm. At this period those highest in favor were Quelus, Mangison, St. Mégrin, D'Arques, and La Valette, who owed their introduction to René de Villiquier, a man, even at that epoch of universal corruption and depravity, distinguished for his crimes.*

Dressed in female apparel, these wretched individuals seemed to revive the worst scenes of the Roman Empire, when to obtain favor at Court it sufficed to renounce the attributes of manhood. The unmanly practice of kissing on the mouth was now introduced from Italy, and the courtiers assumed the foibles and

* In Sept. 1577 Villiquier murdered his wife and one of her female attendants with his own hand, under the influence of jealousy. This crime was committed in the Castle of Poitiers, while the King was under the same roof. He readily obtained his pardon, however, and people said that Henry but little regretted a deed that avenged him of the coldness with which the deceased lady had met his own guilty overtures.

weaknesses of women without imitating their virtues. The epithet of *Mignons* applied to these favorites intimated the disgust entertained by the public for their effeminate and disgraceful practices, while the King himself seemed only desirous to surpass them in vice and imbecility. He also would adorn himself in female attire, and appear with his neck exposed and encircled according to the fashion of the times with the triple collar—two upright and one thrown back—and set off with a necklace of pearls. His hands, which were remarkably small and beautiful, were usually protected from the rude touch of the atmosphere, by gloves of a peculiarly soft skin, while a mask guarded the delicacy of his complexion, carefully heightened moreover by the constant application of a cosmetic paste. One of his chief pastimes was to drive about the streets of Paris with his Queen in search of the most beautiful and diminutive dogs, which he would take by violence even from the convents, and thus extinguish the last faint lingering spark of natural feeling the poor recluses yet dared to cherish—the only tie that linked them to a world of which they could no longer be said to form a part. The Grammar would at other times engage the monarch's attention until it was diverted to the care of his menagerie, on which, notwithstanding his own poverty and the financial distress of the country, he scrupled not to expend one hundred thousand crowns a year.* For a season the Court flocked to witness the obscene representations of the Italian comedians, designated *I Gelosi*, who were forbidden by the Parliament to perform in public. Nevertheless, the King allowed them the use of the Hôtel de Bourbon, and they are said to have drawn together as large an audience as any four preachers of the day combined, though they demanded four sous a head for admittance. Another source of amusement was in the feats of horsemanship exhibited by an Italian who had been eight years a prisoner among the Moors. This mountebank enclosed a piece of ground on which he daily imitated the address and suppleness of an Arab horseman, and so highly was his talent appreciated that five sous were readily given to behold a single performance. But on a widely different scale of expenditure were the Court entertainments, some of which cost as much as one hundred thousand francs, a vast sum in those days, when money was worth at least five times its present value. On one occasion the Queen-mother gave a splendid banquet, the attendants at which were ladies of birth and beauty, attired in a masculine uniform of green silk, and similar absurdities characterised the most attractive entertainments of the nobility. The funds to cover this reckless extravagance were not unfrequently raised by way of a loan from the wealthiest courtiers and placemen, who were usually repaid by the gift of some honorable charge, or lucrative sinecure. At times, indeed, the scene would change, though the actors remained the

* The following distich terminated a quatrain that was at this time frequently quoted:

Declinare cupit, vere declinat et ille,
Rex bis qui fuerat, fit modo grammaticus.

same. Remorse would seize the vacillating mind of the royal debauchee, and, as usually happens in such cases, the enervated libertine rushed to the opposite extreme and became a trembling devotee. Bare-headed, and with feet unshod, he would traverse the streets of his capital, devoutly telling his beads and muttering his Paternosters. Having thus stifled for a while the still small voice of conscience he would return to his palace and resume his woman's garb, or pass whole hours in teaching his birds to speak, in sporting on equal terms with his apes, in fondling his puppies, and making his cats to pur. Such was the representative of a princely line of monarchs, such the sovereign lord of the finest kingdom of the world. And yet it was not always so. Though the slough of the serpent predominated, the glory of the fallen spirit would occasionally shine forth bright and clear, and the last of the Valois proved himself worthy of his royal ancestry. Such he will appear on more occasions than one, though the bright glimpse of better things too soon fades away, and unwholesome vapours again obscure the promise of light and gladness. Such for instance, did he show himself in his opening speech of the States summoned to meet at Blois, but the transitory display of energy only tended to enhance the succeeding prostration.

All parties looked forward with hopeful anticipations to the approaching assembly of the States. The King vaguely imagined that something would be devised for restoring peace to his distracted realm, and perhaps he secretly hoped to recover from the Huguenots the advantages they had gained by the Treaty of Monsieur. While the Huguenots, on their part, fondly trusted that as the States of Pontoise, fifteen years before, had exhibited a disposition to treat their demands with justice and equity, so they would experience equal favor with the deputies about to be assembled at Blois. But the relative positions of the rival factions had materially changed since that period. The best and bravest of the Protestant nobility had fallen in battle, or by the hand of the assassin and the persecutor. Others had grown lukewarm in a cause that required so much and such constant self-denial; while their leaders were two inexperienced youths, of whom the eldest had barely completed his twenty-fourth year. The Roman Catholic Clergy, besides, was no longer in a position to excite, by their overgrown wealth, the cupidity or the jealousy of the laity, for they too had grievously suffered by the wars that had so long ravaged the Kingdom. But the greatest barrier to the hopes of the Huguenots was the energy of the Duke of Guise, and the indefatigable zeal of his partisans, who spared neither promises nor money to secure to his interests a vast majority of the deputies.

At length, on the 6th of December, the States General assembled in the great hall of the castle of Blois. They consisted of 326 members: the Clergy being represented by 104 Deputies, the Nobility by 72, and the Commons, or Third Estate, by 150. They were opened by the King in person, who delivered a speech remarkable for its dignity, moderation, and good sense. He began

by lamenting the decreasing respect for the royal authority, the lack of true patriotism, and the unhappy dissensions that divided his subjects and turned their weapons against each other. He then expressed his conviction that violent measures would never prove successful, for the effusion of blood only weakened both parties and embittered the strife. Gentle means alone would ever restore peace, justice, and religion, and to this he particularly directed the serious consideration of the States. The King's views were further developed by the Chancellor Birague in a long harangue, after which the three orders separately thanked his Majesty for his fatherly love to his subjects, and promised their cordial co operation to bring his good wishes to a happy fruition. They then retired to the halls assigned for their respective deliberations; but, as their object was not so much to discuss the questions that might be submitted to them, as to carry out the instructions of their constituents; they resolved to vote not by orders, but by governments. France was divided into twelve governments, and they agreed that each should count as one vote, and should elect three deputies to assist in reporting the result of the deliberations of the States. The Clergy, from their greater erudition, their more practical knowledge of business, and their greater unanimity, consequently obtained an immense influence, and their suggestions principally guided the conduct of the Assembly. None of the higher order of the Nobles or even of the Commons had chosen to be present, and thus the path was rendered comparatively easy for the partisans of Guise and the League. The Duke himself was unable to attend in person, but his cause found powerful advocates in his brother the duke of Mayenne, Peter D'Espinac, Archbishop of Lyons, the Baron de Seneecy, and other persons of eminence, while the absence of Navarre, Condé, and even of Marshal Damville, left the course open for their manœuvrings. Their first act was to elect an orator, or President of each order. The Archbishop of Lyons was chosen by the Clergy, the Baron de Seneecy by the Nobles, and Peter Versoris, a staunch Leaguer, by the Third Estate. Conscious of their own power the States commenced by asserting that if the three orders were agreed on any point, the King's sanction was no longer necessary, and they then petitioned his Majesty to appoint a Council subject to the approbation of the States, who shall also nominate twelve deputies, and that this joint board should decide definitively, without further appeal to the King on all such matters as the three orders might not unanimously determine. Henry prudently evaded their request, and recommended them to apply themselves at once to the settlement of the affairs of religion. On this some of the more bigotted Clergy attempted to carry the public promulgation of the Council of Trent, but the nobility and Teirs-Etat were opposed to this measure, and the majority even of the ecclesiastical order strenuously upheld the liberties of the Gallican Church. They therefore directed their united attention to the question of all-prevailing interest, whether or not

there should be allowed to exist more than one form of religious worship in France. On this point the three orders were unanimous, and it was agreed to petition the King to restore the holy Catholic Church to its original unity, to prohibit every other form of religion, and to revoke all edicts hitherto accorded in favor of heretics. Among the members of the Third Estate however, was a man of practical good sense and strong moral courage. John Bodin, deputy from the Vermandois, hesitated not to oppose a vote likely to renew all the horrors of Civil war, which he eloquently and pathetically deplored, at the same time showing that the greatest sufferers were the Commons, who were always called upon to defray the charges of laying waste their own property. An amendment was therefore added, to the effect that mild and gentle measures for the suppression of heresy be first of all adopted. This petition was presented to the King on the 26th of December, and in accordance with the spirit of the clause inserted by the Tiers-Etat, he nominated three deputies to wait upon each of the three chiefs of the confederates, in order to effect their voluntary conversion.

The Envoys found the King of Navarre at Agen, and were received by him with the utmost cordiality and respect. In reply to the earnest exhortations of the Archbishop of Vienne, he declared his anxious desire to bring about a permanent peace, and even expressed his willingness to be converted by argument, in which case he would be the first to draw the sword for the extirpation of heresy. Such was the consistency of this champion of the rights of conscience, who would thus have scrupled not to deny to others what he claimed for himself! Condé and Damville were less courteous, or more decided in their opinions. They both refused to recognise the validity of the States as at present constituted, and demanded the convocation of a new assembly, comprising men of both religious professions, together with entire freedom of discussion. The Marshal added, however, an assurance of his orthodox attachment to the Catholic faith, but required for the Protestants an exemption from all molestation.

The deputies returned to Blois early in February, and the Duke of Guise arrived about the same time. The failure of their endeavors to effect a reconciliation filled all parties with indignation, and it was resolved to declare war against the heretics, though it was deemed advisable to send another mission to the King of Navarre, whose fixity of purpose seemed very questionable. The Duke of Montpensier and Armand de Biron were chosen for this purpose, and it is said that the latter was secretly charged by the Queen-mother to allure Navarre to Court, with the hope that his sister Catherine should be united to the Duke of Anjou.

The arrival of the Duke of Guise compelled Henry to take a decisive step towards either peace or war. President de Thou urged him to exercise a little patience, to put down with vigor all seditious meetings and unlawful associations, and to allow the heat of party feeling to pass away and the heresy to drop into oblivion. But this wise and digni-

fied course required a more continued display of energy than belonged to the character of the King. Besides which, the Queen-mother, to whose opinion he paid the utmost deference, had become jealous and alarmed at the all-engrossing popularity of Guise, and therefore recommended her son to baffle the designs of his ambitious subject by employing his own weapons against himself. Many of his counsellors also insisted that he was not bound to keep faith with heretics, and that as the Council of Constance had declared that there is only one true God and one true form of religious worship, no peace would ever be durable or receive the blessing of Heaven until heresy and heretics were together rooted out of the land. In compliance with these suggestions he proceeded in state to the Assembly, and commanding the articles of the League to be read aloud, proclaimed them henceforth a fundamental law of the realm. The deputies were then compelled to swear to its observance in all points, and the King declared himself Chief and Protector of the Holy Union for the extirpation of heresy. Shortly after this public declaration of intolerance, Henry sent his brother Anjou and the Duke of Montpensier to demand of the States 2,000,000 crowns for carrying on the war with suitable vigor. On this the nobles claimed exemption from pecuniary taxation, inasmuch as they were obliged to serve in person; while the Clergy protested that their duty was teaching and prayer, but promised to supplicate the Deity to crown the royal arms with victory. The Third Estate, temporarily presided over by the same Bodin who had previously counselled moderation, resolutely refused to impose any new taxes, or even to raise a loan, or permit the alienation of any part of the royal domains. They went yet farther, and called upon the King to suppress the reformed religion, but "without war." This resolution was accordingly submitted to the Privy Council, and much difference of opinion prevailed; but it was now too late to deliberate, for the Huguenots had already taken up arms in their self-defence. On the 2nd of March the deputies were dismissed, but not before they had embroiled the Kingdom in the sixth Civil war of religion.

While the States were yet sitting frequent collisions had taken place between the Catholics and the Huguenots, and the King of Navarre succeeded in making himself master of several small places in Poitou, Guyenne, and Brittany. By the end of March, however, two royalist armies were in the field. One under the command of the Duke of Mayenne marched into the Saintonge, while the other under the Duke of Anjou proceeded direct to La Charité, a town situated on the Loire. After sustaining two assaults it was forced to capitulate, owing to the feebleness of the garrison and the want of supplies. The King's troops then passed into Auvergne and laid siege to Issoire, which offered a most gallant resistance, and held out till the beginning of June. Having at length surrendered at discretion, the inhabitants were put to the sword, and the town pillaged and set on fire. Meanwhile Mayenne had been not less active or successful. His first exploit was the reduc-

tion of Tonnai-Charente and Marans, whence he pushed on towards La Rochelle, the stronghold of Protestantism. A fleet at the same time cruised along the coast, and after defeating that of the Huguenots, prevented the arrival of provisions or succours. The port of Brouage, from which assistance might otherwise have been rendered to them, was also closely invested. During these operations the King of Navarre had been detained by the defence of Nerac and Castel-Jaloux, assailed by Admiral Villars, and though he sent Turenne forward with the advanced guard, Brouage had already capitulated on honourable terms. Never were the affairs of the Huguenots in a more desperate position. The King's fleet under Guy de Lansac was master of the sea. Anjou at the head of his victorious army was rapidly approaching to effect a junction with Mayenne. Damville had not only deserted their cause, his wife having been won over by the King's magnificent presents during the sitting of the States, but was actually besieging Montpelier, defended by his brother Thoré and the Count de Chatillon, eldest son of the unfortunate Coligny. But the King was already weary of a war which exhausted his impoverished treasury without adding to either his popularity or his fame. He had also reason to apprehend that the Protestant Princes of Europe would form a counter-league, and he well knew that the people of La Rochelle had applied for succours to the Queen of England. Prince Casimir likewise availed himself of the King's embarrassments at home to demand, with a peremptory tone, the payment of the large sums still due to his troops. Besides, were he to allow the Huguenots to be completely overwhelmed, he would lose his only counterpoise to the ambition of the Guises. He therefore concluded a peace at Bergerac in the end of September, which he was accustomed to designate with much self-complacency *his peace*, and on the 5th of October appeared the Edict of Poitiers, which secured to the Protestants far more favorable terms than their present circumstances entitled them to expect. It contained sixty-four articles, the principal of which somewhat restrained the right of public worship, and utterly forbade it in the marquisate of Saluces, the county of Avignon, and within ten leagues around Paris, or within two leagues of the actual residence of the Court. The marriages of ecclesiastics were likewise prohibited, but pardon was accorded to such priests, friars, and nuns, as had already entered the state of matrimony, though they were not allowed to claim any succession to property, whether lineal or collateral. The Huguenots were moreover called upon to observe the festivals of the Roman Church. A place for divine service was however assigned to them in each Bailiwick; but the *Chambres-Miparties*, or mixed commissions, were entirely suppressed. Eight places of security were given up to them, and all leagues, associations, and brotherhoods, under whatsoever pretext contrary to the tenor of the present edict, were declared illegal and for ever abolished.

Notwithstanding this very advantageous edict a species of gue-

rilla warfare continued to be carried on in distant parts of the Kingdom, owing not a little to the captious and overbearing demeanour of Marshal Damville. But to these petty feuds the King paid very slight attention, trusting that the soothing influence of peace would soon wear off all such asperities, and that the fruits of moderation and forbearance would show themselves in general tranquillity and mutual good feeling. The dignity of Marshal of France was shortly afterwards bestowed on Armand de Biron and James de Matignon, both avowed enemies of the Guise faction, and a Cardinal's hat was obtained for the Chancellor René de Birague, who was succeeded as keeper of the seals by Philip Hurault Viscount Chiverney.*

The League had received a severe shock from the King's unwonted vigor in the prosecution of the war, and yet more so from his subsequent moderation and firmness. But the effort was too painful to be lasting, and he soon relapsed into his habitual sloth and indifference. Whenever he adopted any decided line of conduct he was usually guided by the pernicious principles of Italian policy, with which his mother had imbued him at an early age, and we are told that his favorite study was *the Prince* of Machiavelli. Sincerely detesting the Huguenots, not only for their difference of opinion on religious matters, but also for their republican spirit of independence, he would gladly have assented to their extermination, had he not dreaded the undivided power of the Guises. His object, when he could be said to have one, was to allow the two parties to weaken each other so long as they permitted him to enjoy without molestation his ignoble pleasures and repose. But more frequently he acted on the mere impulse of the moment set at naught all principles and rules of consistency. Having concluded *his peace*, he appeared to think that there was no further occasion to superintend the government of the people committed to his care, and gave himself up entirely to the society of his favorites, and to the most frivolous pursuits. His attachment to his *Mignons* was that of a woman towards the husband of her choice, though perhaps it was rather intense in degree than lasting in its effects. On one occasion it was particularly conspicuous, and subjected him to merited ridicule and contempt.

One of these minions, named Quelus, had a dispute with Dunes, brother of Francis D'Entragues, who was attached to the household of the Duke of Guise.†

It was arranged that they should meet next morning, April 27, at break of day, in the horse-market—the site of the Place Royale, or in republican parlance the Place des Vosges—each accompanied by two gentlemen who, according to the custom of the times, would also take an active part in the combat.

* A comet appeared in November which greatly terrified Catherine de Medicis, for the astrologers declared that it predicted death or misfortune to an illustrious lady. Many pasquinades appeared on the subject; and it was insinuated that the Queen-mother should be the last person to be alarmed, for it was a national calamity that was portended, whereas any evil happening to her would be a national benefit.

† Isméne, the daughter of Francis D'Entragues, succeeded Gabrielle D'Estrées as mistress of Henry IV., who created her Marchioness of Verneuil.

Quelus was attended by Mangison and Livarot, and his adversary by Riberac and Schomberg. They fought with rapiers. Mangison fell by the sword of Riberac, who himself was mortally wounded. and Schomberg was slain by Livarot: Quelus himself received nineteen wounds which eventually proved fatal, though he lingered nearly a month. During his illness the King constantly sat by his bedside smoothing his pillow, and administering his medicines with his own hands. He is said to have promised his physician Miron a hundred thousand francs, if he succeeded in saving the life of his friend, but nature was inaccessible to even a royal bribe, and Quelus was soon numbered with the dead,—in his last moments—says the Journal of the times, calling on the name of the King, but making no mention of God and His Mother.. His remains were then exposed to public view with the face uncovered, a custom only observed with persons of the most exalted rank, and afterwards laid beside those of his companion Mangison in the Church of St. Paul. The King kissed both these favorites after their death, and cutting off their flaxen locks, preserved them as remembrances of the deceased. From Quelus he also took the ear-pendants he himself had formerly attached at a happier moment.*

In the course of the same year, on the 21st of July, another of the royal minions met with a violent death. Paul Stuart de Caussade, Count St. Mégrin had carried on an illicit correspondence with the Duchess of Guise, which in time came to the ears of the injured nobleman. One evening as St. Mégrin was returning home from the Louvre, he was suddenly attacked by a number of armed men, who wore masks, and cruelly murdered. It is positively asserted that the Duke of Mayenne was at least present during the perpetration of this atrocious and cowardly act. The King for a time was inconsolable, and commanded three marble statues to be erected in the Church to the memory of his ill-fated favorites, whose ashes reposed in one common vault. Their death, however, led to the reconciliation of the King and his brother. Unable to endure the insolence of these upstarts, the Duke of Anjou had fled from Court in the middle of February; but Henry was now easily persuaded by the Queen-mother to forward his brother's views with respect to the Low Countries, and on the 13th of August Anjou concluded a treaty with the States General of Holland, by which he assumed the title of Protector of Belgic Liberty, and undertook to march to their assistance with an army of two thousand men-at-arms, and 10,000 foot-soldiers.

The restless mind of Catherine de Medicis was next bent on seducing the King of Navarre from the Protestant ranks, and she resolved to visit him in person under the pretext of conducting Margaret to her husband. There can be little doubt that that prince was well disposed towards a perfect reconciliation could he have been convinced of its stability;

* The following prayer was commonly put into the King's mouth:—

Seigneur, recois en ton gison,
Schomberg, Quelus, et Mangison.

for he was at this period utterly destitute of both men and money, and in order to maintain the handful of tried and faithful followers who still adhered to his broken fortunes, he was frequently compelled to have recourse to marauding expeditions, singularly unsuitable to the dignity of a King, the champion of a great religious cause. As was her wont on such occasions, Catherine took care to be accompanied by a numerous train of damsels more distinguished for their beauty than the austerity of their virtue. To such disgraceful means did she condescend to work out her tortuous policy. Navarre himself was particularly susceptible of the charms of female beauty, and not even the presence of his consort—who, indeed, walked in his own steps, ever interrupted the series of his gallantries. But he does not appear to have ever fallen into the snares laid for him by Catherine, of whom he ever entertained a well-grounded distrust. The Court remained for some time at Auch, negociating, intriguing, feasting, and cajoling, each party striving to deceive the other, and affecting to be itself deceived. It was at Auch, that the veteran Governor of La Reole fell desperately in love with one of Catherine's syrens, and being annoyed by the raillery of Navarre's youthful companions gave up the place to an officer of the royalists. To avenge this loss, Navarre one night stole away from a Court-ball with a few trusty followers, and by a sudden assault gained possession of Fleurance. The Queen-mother was much amused by this incident and consoled herself by saying that she "had the best of the bargain," and in truth La Reole was a far more important place than the other. But what must have been the condition of the country in time of war when such were the results of peace! Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

The versatility of Catherine's talents was exemplified by her conduct at an Assembly held at Montauban in Feby, 1579, and principally composed of Huguenot ministers. Her lately assumed levity was at once laid aside, and by the gravity of her deportment and her apt quotation of Scriptural texts, she impressed those austere personages with a high opinion of her abilities and erudition, if not of her sincerity. She thence proceeded to Nerac and contrived to alienate from the King of Navarre several of his most attached friends, and to excite dissensions among the others. After signing the treaty of Nerac, which explained some of the more ambiguous clauses of the Edict of Poitiers, she held a conference at Montluel with Marshal Bellegarde, who had recently conquered the marquisate of Salnees, which he designed to erect into an independent principality. Catherine succeeded, however, in persuading him to be content to hold it of the Crown of France, and then, traversing Burgundy, re-

* The citizens of Paris in the year 1414 having remonstrated with their governor, the Duke of Berry, because the combining princes had concluded peace without consulting them, the Duke replied: "Cela ne vous touche en rien; vous ne devez pas vous entremettre entre le roi notre Sire et nous, qui sommes de sa famille; nous nous courrouçons les uns contre les autres quand il nous plâit; et quand il nous plâit, nous faisons la paix." Something similar appears to have been the opinion, or at least the practice, of the nobility in the sixteenth Century.

turned to Paris to resume the reins of government.

In the year 1352 Louis of Anjou, King of Jerusalem and Sicily, had instituted the chivalrous order of the Holy Ghost, to commemorate his coronation on the day of Pentecost. On the death of that prince, and in consequence of the disturbances that ensued, this order fell into neglect, but the original document of its constitution came into the possession of the Republic of Venice, by whom it was presented to Henry III. on his return from Poland. The French monarch, having not only been born on Whitsunday, but having also received the crowns of Poland and France at the period of that festival, determined to revive this order, though with characteristic vanity he claimed for himself the originality of its institution. He was the more induced to introduce a new order of Knighthood, because that of St. Michael had been rendered worthless by the countless creations of Knights made by the Lorraine princess in the reign of Francis II. He likewise hoped by this means to form an association of men of courage and good family, whom he could oppose with confidence to the chiefs of the League.

On New-Year's day, accordingly, took place the first creation of the order of the Holy Ghost, of which the King declared himself the patron and head. Four Cardinals, the great officers of the Crown, and others whom he deemed most attached to himself, to the number of twenty-seven, were duly invested with the Insignia, which he himself had mostly designed. On the plea that the object of this institution was the extirpation of heresy, he demanded from the Pope a certain amount of the ecclesiastical revenues to found commanderies of the annual value of 800 crowns, similar to those of the religious orders, but this the Pontiff prudently and firmly refused. During this year Henry III. conferred great honors on his two chief favorites Anne d'Arques, son of Viscount Joyeuse, the Governor of Languedoc, and John Louis de Nogaret, son of La Valette. He also bestowed a Marshal's staff on John d'Aumont, one of his most faithful officers, and appointed the infamous René de Villequier to the government of Paris. The superintendence of Finance was entrusted to the incapacity and prodigality of Francis d'O, while Philibert de Guiche was nominated grand master of the artillery, and Laureut de Mangison was sent into Dauphiny with a high command.

The inconstant and unsteady character of the Duke of Anjou continued to inspire the King with much distrust and anxiety, which not all Catherine's wiles or earnestness sufficed to dissipate. Anjou was impatient to fulfil his promise to the insurgents of the Netherlands, and urged the King to permit his departure at the head of an armed force. But Henry feared to draw down upon himself the anger of Philip II., nor did he entertain any sympathy for a people whom he regarded as rebels to their God and their sovereign. Their case moreover was precisely a parallel to that of the French Huguenots, and while he strove to annihilate the one, he could hardly be expected to aid the others. He was more disposed however to forward his brother's union with Elizabeth of England,

and he even despatched a splendid embassy under Francis de Montpensier, Prince Dauphin of Auvergne, to negociate for that purpose. Anjou also passed into England with a small suite, and the affair was so nearly arranged that the contracting parties are said to have exchanged rings in token of betrothal.

Another source of annoyance to the King was the overbearing and arrogant demeanour of some of the Clergy assembled at Melun for the settlement of ecclesiastical matters. A deputation waited upon their sovereign, and called upon to promulgate without exception all the articles of the Council of Trent. The evasive answer they received to this proposition emboldened them to make still more imperious demands, the tendency of which was to promote the dignity and authority of the sacred Colleges at the expense of the royal prerogative. On this Henry's anger was aroused, and he indignantly dismissed their petition.

Towards the close of this year the seventh civil war of religion broke out. It is generally known in French history as the "*guerre des amoureux*," because it was mainly attributable to female intrigues. During the residence of Navarre's miniature Court at Nerać there had been a constant succession of balls, tournaments, and all kinds of festivity, characterized by the most flagitious immorality. To disturb the harmony of the Protestant leaders the King wrote to Navarre, and informed him of at least a scandalous degree of intimacy that existed between his consort and the Viscount Turenne. The generous or complacent prince read the letter to the accused parties, who naturally protested their ingenuous innocence and declaimed against the royal calumny. Margaret resolved to be avenged and scrupled not to use the influence of her husband's favorite mistress for the time to set him against her brother, the King and the Duke of Guise, whom she suspected of having instigated this affront, because he had formerly been her lover. She was also urged on by her brother the Duke of Anjou, who was anxious to avenge the death of his champion Bussy-d'Amboise. The insolence of this bully had made him an object of detestation to the entire Court, and even the King regarded him with mingled feelings of fear and hatred. The Duke of Anjou having in a thoughtless mood shown him some love-letters which Bussy had received from Madame de Montsoreau, Henry contrived to keep possession of the amorous effusions, and with truly diabolical malignity placed them before the husband of the lady. The consequence was the assassination of Bussy, and the Court was thus delivered from a professed swaggerer and duellist, the greatest nuisance that can infest any society. The Huguenots had also determined on again having recourse to arms, because the conditions of the late treaty remained unfulfilled, and the royalists had even surprised the town and invested the castle of Figeac in Quercy. A general rising was therefore agreed upon, but the results were extremely insignificant. Indignant that the government of Picardy was still withheld from him, the prince of Condé caused about three hundred picked soldiers to enter that province in

disguise, and on a particular day to assemble at a given point. On the 29th of November they accordingly formed under his personal command, and by a sudden assault seized upon the strongly fortified town of La Fere. After writing to inform the King that he held it as his Lieutenant, Condé passed into England, Flanders, and Germany to levy troops and collect money. D' Aubigné was also successful in surprising the castle of Montaign in Poitou with a mere handful of men, but his well known daring and approved talents soon rallied round his banner a considerable force, with which he greatly harassed the royalists and withstood the utmost power and efforts of the Count de Lude until the conclusion of the war.

The most signal succ·ss that crowned the Huguenot's arms was the storming of Cahors, one of the towns that formed the dowry of Margaret of Valois. Possessed of great natural strength the place was defended by a formidable garrison commanded by Vezins, a very intrepid and able officer. An attempt was made to surprise the town by night, but the noise made in blowing open the outer gate gave the alarm, and the tocsin called the citizens to arms. The ground was defended inch by inch. Barricades were erected at the corner of every street, and it was only by the premature death of the Governor, who was killed at the first onset, and after five days of hard fighting that the King of Navarre, the foremost in every gallant exploits, found himself master of Cahors.

But the royalist armies were now at last in the field in overpowering numbers. La Fere surrendered to Marshal Matignon after a two months' seige, in which the *Mignons* displayed great personal bravery, combined with such ostentatious magnificence that this military operation became generally known as the *Siège de Velours*. In the meantime the Duke of Mayenne compelled Lesdiguières to submit in Dauphiny and Mashal Biron driving all before him, appeared under the walls of Nerac. The ladies came forth on the battlements to be eye-witnesses of their lovers' prowess, but a few guns being ungallantly pointed against them, they abandoned their posts with undignified haste. A fall from his horse prevented the Marshal from following up his successes, while Navarre's indefatigable energy supplied the place of a greater numerical force. The war had subsided to a series of unmeaning though sanguinary skirmishes, when the Duke of Anjou returned from England, his mind wholly occupied with his proposed expedition into Flanders. He therefore offered his mediation to the bellige·ents, and in consequence peace was concluded on the 26th of November at Fleix, between Bergerac and Ste. Foix. The conditions were nearly similar to those of the treaty of Nerac, except that a secret article promised the removal of Biron from the Government of Aquitaine, and the appointment of an officer more agreeable to Navarre.

This peace was ratified by the King at Blois, whither he had retired to avoid the ravages of the plague which was then depopulating Paris. Between the months of June and December forty thousand persons mostly of the lower orders were computed to have

perished, while bands of ruffians traversed the streets at night, pillaging the forsaken houses of the rich, and plundering the dead and dying. This pest had been preceded by a very violent form of Hooping cough* that came from the East, travelling through Italy and Spain. And yet nothing could be more favorable than the state of the atmospheric phænomena, and the harvest was both plentiful and well housed.

Most of the great lords and wealthy burgesses abandoned the capital in its hour of need, though an honorable exception was found in President de Thou, who nobly remained at his post, daily mingling with the people, relieving their necessities and cheering their drooping spirits.†

On the conclusion of the treaty of Fleix, the Duke of Anjou directed his undivided attention to the levying a sufficient force for the conquest of the low countries. In the early part of August 1581, he took the field at the head of 4000 men-at-arms and 10,000 foot, comprising many of the highest nobility of the land, both Catholics and Huguenots, and among others the Duke of Elbœuf, Count de Laval, Viscount Turenne, the Duke of Ventadour, and the brave and virtuous La Noue. The approach of this powerful army compelled the Prince of Parma to raise the siege of Cambray which he had reduced to great straits, and the Duke of Anjou entered the city in triumph. After this first success many of his followers returned home, and Anjou himself shortly afterwards crossed over to England to press forward his matrimonial negociations. But the English generally, and more particularly the Puritans, were manifestly ill-disposed towards a prince, whose restless and unquiet disposition, and whose attachment to the Church of Rome promised but little hope of prosperity to the nation, or of domestic happiness to their Queen. Elizabeth was too wary to offend the prejudices of her subjects, and it is by no means impossible that she never seriously contempleted the proposed alliance, though she countenanced the negociation for the sake of preserving peace with France, and perhaps not a little for the mere gratification of female coquetry. The rings of betrothal were consequently returned, though it would seem that the loving couple parted on good terms, for Elizabeth conducted the French prince as far as Canterbury, and supplied him with considerable reinforcemerts of men and money for the vigorous prosecution of the war in Flanders, the most vulnerable point of Philip the Second's dominions. The enthusiasm of the Flemings was extraordinary for so phlegmatic a people, and Anjou's progress from Antwerp to Ghent and Bruges was one continued ovation. He was proclaimed Duke of Brabant and Sovereign Prince of Flanders, and gold and silver coins were struck, having on one side the effigy of the Duke, and on the other the Sun dispersing the clouds, with the motto "Fovet et

* If an amendment did not take place in four or at the most in five days the sickness generally teminated fatally, especially with those who had recourse to bleeding or to purgative medicines.

† It was in 1580 that Montaigne published his Essays, but they were too philosophical to be justly appreciated by his cotemporaries.

Discutit." His forces however, soon fell away, and so destitute were those who remained, that the French soldiers were reduced to solicit alms of the people they came to rescue—for the country had suffered too much to afford them any opportunity for plunder. The Prince of Parma was besides constantly on the alert, and harassed the enemy whenever he found them off their guard. But towards the close of the year Anjou's fortune again appeared in the ascendant, for Montpensier and Biron brought him 3000 Swiss and 4000 French soldiers.

While the Duke of Anjou was wasting his time and resources at Bruges, a conspiracy was formed against his life—ascribed without sufficient proof to the instigations of Philip II. The principal actor in this affair, Nicolas Salcede de Damvilliers was apprehended and sent to Paris, where, on being subjected to the torture, he accused all the highest nobility of France, and especially the House of Lorraine, of being accessory to a plot for assassinating the Duke of Anjou and imprisoning the King for life. Independently of the little reliance to be placed on any statements extorted by acute suffering, this man's evidence was still less worthy of credence, for he had already been convicted of forgery. The wise De Thou in vain pointed out the absurdity of the confession in many points, and earnestly advised the King to spare the life of the poor wretch, but Henry, ever ready to impute evil motives, immediately suspected his faithful counsellor of favoring Anjou, and not only commanded, but was present at Salcede's execution. This was the last advice he ever received from that excellent man and upright magistrate, who closed his honorable career in the 74th year of his age, respected and regretted by all classes, and lamented by Henry III. as his best and truest friend: three other distinguished men also died this year, the Duke of Montpensier, Marshal Cossé, and the Chancellor Birague—of whom it was said that he was a Cardinal without a title, a Chancellor without the Seals, a Priest without a living, and a Doctor without learning.

The general tranquillity of the Kingdom continued to be preserved, though occasional disturbances broke out in Dauphiny, which were easily suppressed by the firmness and moderation of the Duke of Mayenne. Marshal Matignon having succeeded Biron in the government of Aquitaine, that province enjoyed profound repose, and indeed, the most zealous or the most turbulent of the Huguenots had passed into Flanders under the banner of Anjou.

In the following year, 1583, the French honour sustained a signal disgrace owing to the King's vacillating and dishonest policy. Unwilling to render his brother too powerful and equally reluctant to drive him to despair, he continued to send him reinforcements from time to time, but utterly inadequate to attempt any enterprise against such an accomplished General as the prince of Parma. Thus abandoned to himself, and guided by imprudent counsellers, Anjou formed the mad and shameful project of seizing on the strong places of Flanders and garrisoning them with his own troops. He therefore attempted in person to

get possession of Antwerp, but the inhabitants suspecting his design were on their guard, and the people of Dendermonde and Mechlin having cut the sluices, many of his men were drowned, and the survivors reduced to the most pitiable distress. Above twelve hundred of the French perished in this affair, and very many were made prisoners. Shocked by the intelligence of this disaster, Henry sent ambassadors to the States to endeavor to bring about a reconciliation. The conduct of that august body was marked by characteristic magnanimity, and in consideration of the benefits they had previously received, they expressed their readiness to hold a conference with Anjou at Dunkirk in order to settle all differences. Anjou accordingly proceeded to that port, but the deputies of the States having been accidentally delayed on their journey, he took umbrage at this apparent want of respect, and, passing on board his fleet, set sail for Calais, to return no more to his long coveted principality.

(To be Continued.)

MEMORY AND HOPE.

As when a Panther, the free denizen
Of the wild jungle, by the wiles of men
Falleth betrayed into captivity,
No more to crouch on the broad branching tree,
Nor seize the startled Antelopes that shrink
Vainly from his fierce spring—no more to drink
The rushing waters of the mountain stream,
Or bask contented in the evening beam,
With ceaseless fret paceth his narrow cage,
Chafing against the bars, while secret rage
Feeds on his heart that its own life outwears
In the unnatural restraint it bears
Unreconciled repining—till at last,
Tired out with hours, in useless passion passed,
His haughty spirit yields to sleep, and seems,
Perchance, again at freedom in its dreams.
So, far away from Thee
I feel as if imprisoned, I can see
(However fair the scene around) in all
Nothing but one detested dungeon wall,
Confining me unto a living death,
Shutting out *my* heart's sun and *my* life's breath
Thy presence Love! the wide world without thee
Is one vast gloomy prison house to me,

And so I chafe within myself alone,
Restlessly seeking rest and finding none—
  How is it that I *live ?* thus without thee
Bread of my life ! How is it that I see
Day dragging slowly by me after day,
Yet life remaineth though thou art away !
Longing and pining in disquietude
Doth my heart hunger ever for its food,
And scarce believeth it can be so strong,
To live unbreaking without thee so long !
  Is it as that lone captive, who confined
Without one crust of bread, undying pined
In hunger's fearful torment many a day,
Before the stubborn chord of life gave way,
With Titan strength that unrefreshed could last,
And live upon the memory of the past ?
  Or as a sailor drifting on a plank,
When all save him into the deep have sank
On the black sea, without one cheering star,
Yet with his mental eye sees land afar,
Beyond his mortal vision's furthest scope,
And in starvation feedeth upon Hope ?
  Oh ! it is both, the Memory of the past
Like a bright halo is around me cast,
And in all sorrow it affordeth rest
To my proud bosom to *have been* so blest ;
Still more to listen to the syren strain
Of glorious hope to be so blest again ;
Yet amid all is that repining sigh,
Which my heart breathes—" Come quickly or I die !"

K.

YOUNG BENGAL; OR, THE HOPES OF INDIA.

WHAT's Montague? What's in a name? asked the pretty Juliet, when she had given away her heart to the truant Romeo; and she argued syllogistically, that a rose called by any other name would smell as sweet—

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called.

We, admitting the full force of her argument, acknowledge that, in itself, a name is nothing. Yet when it comports not with reason, or when it is not accurate in its application, or when it is not definite to the sense it would exhibit, nothing though it intrinsically be, it is too often productive of wrong notions and incorrect judgment, and is not therefore altogether to be despised. This is perhaps best exemplified in the case of the term "Young Bengal," a name intended to designate the rising community of India, but, not having been selected with forethought, nor applied with precision, it is so indistinct and vague in the idea it conveys, that people have found themselves quite at a loss to decide whether the epithet was expressive of opprobrium or praise. Some use it sneeringly and in contempt of certain low habits which mark the character of certain of the native youths. Others, in their application of it, wish it to be understood as expressive of the recognition of a mental and moral worth in the rising generation to which their forefathers had no claim. And this contrariety of interpretations obtains amongst the highest authorities. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

Not to dwell longer however on a name, we will at once take up our subject. It is our purpose to dwell for a time on the character of the youths of India, to examine their importance and claims, and to see what hopes, if any, India has on their exertions. Properly to conduct this enquiry we must view the question on two sides, or rather examine the two divisions of the class between which exists a wide difference. Young Bengal, itself a division, is subdivided within itself; and those subdivisions stand almost as apart from each other, as the aggregate whole does from the old orthodox school. Young Bengal liberal and magnanimous is quite a distinct body from Young Bengal insolent and profligate; Young Bengal hard-reading has no affinity with Young Bengal hard-drinking. And this will require carefully to be discriminated.

Perhaps our enquiry should commence with an examination into the character of Old Bengal. But this is rather an unpalatable task, and we have no appetite for it. The class has been often represented in the numerous exhibitions of the Hindu character which Missionaries and other gentlemen have given us. Every stone has been picked up to shy at men, who having nothing in common with their historians, have received at their hands no consideration or favor. The errors and falsehoods of their acquirements have been unsparingly exposed, and the exposure backed by citations of their ways and doings. It cannot be neces-

sary for us to repeat them here again; and for our own part we would rather undertake to show up the worthies of the olden time as specimens of a class of men now rapidly dying away, than repaint the oft-painted picture of ignorance, prejudice and corruption, that prevailed amongst the mass of that community, which a few years hence will be remembered with the things that were.

But if their forefathers were such scoundrels and blockheads as they have been represented to be, it cannot be asserted that the present generation is no wiser nor better. The original dearth of superior intellect in the country is rapidly disappearing. The impetus which the British possession of India has been the means of imparting to the progress of knowledge, has already yielded an intellectual crop which leaves no legitimate reason for despair with respect to future improvements. It was impossible that a revolution in the government, and such a revolution as the British conquest of India effected, should not produce a mightier revolution in the minds and hearts of men. Old prejudices and old feelings were soon found effete and stale; new notions had exploded the primeval ideas of men and things; and Young Bengal began to rise into importance. At first he was sneered at and despised, but that was when his intellectual affluence was unknown. So were California and Australia, whence gold is now coming by shiploads, slighted and contemned ere science and adventure had discovered their worth. Gold has now been found in the Hindu brain—intellectual and moral gold. This the sharpness of intellectual geologists had not discovered before. Then the hour of discovery had not yet come. But it has now come, and the position of Young Bengal in the estimation of the public has also begun to alter. It is not usual to name names, else we could point out many individuals who have already established the most desirable reputation that their friends could wish, the reputation of young men who promise to do some thing ere they grow old. The learning that had been for so many years in the wane, the intellectual faculties that under misrule and the thraldom of a bestial religion had lain so dormant, are now gradually vindicating themselves. The Hindus, treated with contempt by their Mahomedan conquerors, had become contemptible; the arts of civilization had been abandoned; the desire of excelling in any virtuous undertaking given up; and the country had stood still. But Young Bengal has caught a new fire from his enlighten conquerors—a thirst for knowledge. The youths of Calcutta have become half English—English in everything, personal habits excepted. The love of superstitious observances has given way to a love of books; men of wealth and influence have collected respectable libraries of choice English authors,* and the fashion of

* In a late number of the *Friend of India* (11th Novr. 1852) it was mentioned, that even in Calcutta, for one English book read and understood, by an educated native, he purchased ten Bengalee works. Not suspecting that Homer could nod, we thought we ourselves were dreaming. But after careful enquiry we find that Homer does nod now and then. The worst specimens of the Young Bengal class buy and read more English than Bengalee books in Calcutta, even though there are circulating Libraries to lend out the former, and the latter are not easily to be had on loan.

the Metropolis is spreading out every day into the country.

Perhaps Young Bengal has become too much of an English student. It is asserted by many that his ambition to become an English scholar has almost acquired an unpatriotic stretch. Certain it is that he has preferred the wide-spread and polished literature of Britain to that of Bengal, and it has even been asserted that hardly fifty, out of every hundred, can read their own vernacular with the same facility that they read English books. But we doubt if this merits the animadversion which it has so plentifully received. We, for our part, are certainly not prepared to deprecate the taste that has preferred Addison, Milton and Bacon, to the Chundee, the Bidya Soondar, and the Madhava Malati. The endeavour to assimilate the literature of a country like India, which, sooth to say, has no popular literature of its own with the literature of such civilized quarters of the globe as Britain or France, in preference to creating a new literature for it, which when refined, to its extremest polish, would not in all probability surpass that of Burmah, China or Japan, can hardly be set down as unpatriotic in its more enlarged sense. It is all very well to speak of rescuing the language of the country from contempt, and refining it, and making it worthy of a rising people. But it is not quite so easy to raise and refine a language, hitherto common only to fishermen and shopkeepers, and adapt it to literary purposes, as all that parrot cry would wish us to suppose. Almost every district has a separate jargon, at least has a dissimilar standard of orthography and pronunciation, which, to rectify and make uniform, will require a not inconsiderable degree of exertion.

But perhaps the best argument against the policy of wasting time in the cultivation of the Bengalee language, is an appeal to the consequences its acquirement, almost invariably, leads to. Young Bengal, as has been mentioned before, is subdivided into two sections, the moral and the immoral, the educated and uneducated. Will it be believed when we assert, that it is for the most part in the second grade that we are to seek for the proficients in indigenous literature? The effects produced by the representation of Schiller's Tragedy of the Robbers, on the scholars of the school of Fribourg, led, we read, to the resolution of forming a gang of robbers, like those represented in the play, in the forests of Bohemia, and the conspiracy was only accidentally discovered on the eve of its execution. So the perusal of the Bidya Soondar, the Rasa Munjuree, the Adeeross, the Retimunjuree, and other works of like character, has certainly not failed to give many a rake to the world. It would be no argument to urge, that the productions of the native press have better specimens also to show. Few, very few indeed, are there of better character. The Rev. Mr. Long has indeed with great zeal given us a long list of Bengalee books containing the names of nearly 700 works of every variety and character. But of these nearly half are Missionary tracts, and the rest, though classed by the Reverend compiler as "histories," "moral scriptures," "poetry," "tales," and so forth, are, for the

most part, extravagant fables dressed in the favorite dirty style of the land, which even their admirers dare not certify to be of unexceptionable character. Those that depict not the corruptions of men, record the lewd fables of the gods, and are just as bad in their tendency as the others. Those that neither do the one nor the other, are generally recent compilations, for the most part translations of English authors most brutally murdered. No body reads these vapid productions. They do more injury than benefit to the cause of improvement by sharpening the popular avidity for dirtier morsels.

The country is full of intellect. It were absurd to dispute or deny it. There is not a single heathen region on the face of the world wherein, in its palmiest time, more proofs of vigorous intellect have been displayed than in this. Great powers of the mind have been evinced here even from the earliest days of antiquity; nor can they be said to have disappeared now altogether from lapse of time. They have undoubtedly been weakened. False religion had given them a wrong impetus, misrule and oppression had attempted to crush them down. But better days have dawned on India. Tyranny has passed away, and it is only necessary to withdraw them from the influence of a corrupt religion to ensure the resuscitation of worth and intelligence. Then leave them not to their native literature. It was that literature, interwoven with the lewd fables of a miscalled religion, that has perpetuated the thraldom of ignorance so long. Better for them, better for the country shall be the introduction of a foreign tongue. Who wants them to learn Bengalee? Their friends? Are those friends aware that even the nursery songs and tales in the language are not choice in their expressions? That profligacy of speech is learnt long before children can have any idea of the notions couched in the words they use? Even the native press, established after, and in imitation of, the English press, has not yet been able to attain a respectable character; all the newspapers emanating from it, except those conducted by the Missionaries, being more or less servile, low, and indecent. You cannot eradicate impurity from the language without sacrificing it altogether. Why hesitate to make the sacrifice? The partiality of Young Bengal for the English language, therefore, is only an earnest of greater improvement. If indigenous stimuluses are poisons, how is he to blame for having preferred a foreign cordial?

We do not intend to be understood as sneering at the efforts made to raise the character and usefulness of the Bengalee language by the Missionaries and other gentlemen. We only differ very much from them in the estimate they have formed of the Bengalee's love for his own national literature. Because there are books at all in the Bengalee language, written by Bengalees, and read by them, they have jumped at once to the conclusion that the populace love the existing literature, and it should be improved. But the fact alluded to by them does not indicate what they would wish us to believe, that the Bengalee likes his own language best. He knows the

language and he reads it. The public of Bengal is a reading public, if reading aloud and stupidly as they do, can be called such. But they have at all times been found more ready to prefer foreign languages to their own, and even to accept them as better mediums of instruction. The educated classes read the Persian and the Arabic when English literature was unknown to them, and now they read and speak the English tongue; and the poor would be glad to imitate them had they the same facilities of doing so. It is as impossible, as unwise now to alienate the educated classes from the taste they have acquired, and to give the uneducated classes the same bent, though it might be difficult, is not impracticable. Whether the two classes should speak different tongues and read different books is easy to decide.

So long as the whole body of the people, however, have not facilities to study a foreign language, the Missionary view of the subject must of course be attended to, and the ordinary medium of communication adopted to diffuse knowledge among the ignorant poor. The general adoption of a better tongue must be a work of time, and to wait to carry on instruction through that channel, till it is so adopted, might indefinitely delay the current of improvement. But delay at the present moment is not to be thought of. As a matter of necessity therefore, and not of preference, the poor of Bengal must read the Bengalee tongue. But why it should be considered unpatriotic for those who have good opportunities to learn English, to neglect the indigenous vernacular (so dirty as we have shewn it to be,) we do not understand. It is not possible for them all to learn both languages well. Undivided attention must be paid to one or the other, and which should receive it under their circumstances of life is plain enough. If the attainment of English morals in their English purity be the primary object of his education, surely Young Bengal has chosen wisely and well. But we must extricate ourselves from this thorny discussion.

That an abstract love of the English, inpreference to the Bengalee language, is not the only incentive that has prompted in Young Bengal such strong partiality to seek an English education, it needs no ghost to tell us. The fact has been perpetually advanced as if it were a charge against his character, that the prospect of obtaining situations of dignity and emolument under the Government, and of rising thereby to an elevated rank in society, is the real spur that has suggested the preference. Well, what then? We are quite prepared to admit that many, say all, commence the pursuit of an English education with the objects alluded to in view. The prospect of bettering one's condition is in all countries the primary, we mean the first, original, stimulus to literary exertions. The want of such an object would rob the mind both of its vigor and earnestness; and a less interested attachment for it is always, and every where, of tardier growth. As people make progress they learn to love learning for its own sake, but who ever felt the same partiality when reading his A, B, C.?

Nay, in this country the inducements to learn English, though

greater far than any inducements to learn Bengalee, are certainly not very liberal after all. The public service of the Government is much too exclusive in principle for Young Bengal to derive any substantial benefit that way, and though private service in the mercantile line of business holds out more cheering prospects of reward, superior mental attainments do not always find patronage in it. The Government admits frankly enough, that men instructed in the higher departments of science and literature, are fittest to adorn public stations, but the chorus of baseness and selfishness with which it is surrounded, keep those very men at a distance, lest the service monopoly should be endangered. The knowledge, ability, and even probity of Young Bengal is allowed, but that knowledge, probity, and ability have only served to suggest a reserve and cold-heartedness, if not an aversion, against him. And the mercantile community, composed for the most part of uneducated men, is slow to raise to their own level men, who in knowledge and ability not much their inferiors, might, from their local advantages, soon leave them behind.

Thus arbitrarily withheld from his proper position, Young Bengal, for the most part poor, is obliged to employ himself in subordinate spheres of usefulness. Some are devoted to letters, and, as school-masters, are directing in a quiet unobtrusive manner, the progress of knowledge; some are managing their paternal estates; some are engaged in little commercial speculations, or drudging away as *banians* or factotums to the European Agency houses; many are still thoughtless and idle, and many more plunged in the vortex of *keranydom*, lost amid a crowd of unknown names, plodding through life on an allowance of 40 or 50 Rs. per month, a diploma in one pocket and medals in another. Most of these have not received the reward of diligence, probity, and talents, and probably never will, their deserts exceeding the prospects open to them: *keranydom* offers no career to a man of superior powers. Its remunerations must of necessity be exceedingly limited, and it leads to no eventual distinction. Even to the petty offices in this unprosperous line, learning and talents are not always the passports, and instead of men of inferior talents looking upon their superiors as instructors, the respective stations of merit and demerit are often so jumbled, that the ignorant man frequently looks down, and of course, always with derision, on subordinates of far greater ability and learning. The fact is, there is no competition of talents at all in the bestowal of Government appointments; and if a cultivation of the English language and literature had possessed no other attraction beyond being the passport to places of trust and emolument, we would not certainly have regarded the inducement, so far as it is such, sufficiently strong to justify the waste of time, attention and money usually devoted to the process of education. As matters now stand it is neither the high road to wealth and distinction, nor is it the high road even to competence. The services of men void of knowledge, though far less advantageous to the general interests of

the country, are, we are afraid, more acceptable to those who have patronage in their hands. We deplore this prejudice very much. A committee of enquiry would discover that it has not inconsiderably added to the charges of the State.

We would not be misunderstood. We do not implicate the Government in our censure. The Government is enlightened and liberal, and above the meanness of saying one thing and doing another. But we cannot gloss over the fact that those who have the nomination of candidates, the subordinate representatives of the ruling power, are for the most part, afraid of, or averse to recommend such as, by their inferior knowledge and merit, have raised themselves to distinction. Many of them are afraid of placing themselves in too invidious a contrast with such men. Some find them too independent to make good subordinates, others affect to consider that the peculiar nature of their education renders them unfit for office drudgery; others again gravely suggest that lettered inexperience requires to be tempered by time before it can be safely introduced into actual practice—all specious arguments, which, even those who use them, know to be dishonest, but which they are nevertheless compelled to use in preference to that true reason which they dare not avow. Surely Young Bengal has made very great intellectual progress indeed to be an object of jealousy to such men. The consequence of this inimical feeling is, that the native subordinates of Government consist, almost entirely, of individuals hardened in prejudice and ignorance, and having the only qualification of being at all times ready to flatter the follies and foibles of their superiors, nay, even to pander to their vices. But there is policy in it. At the same time that it distances every idea of competition, it gives a handle to every pseudo friend of India to launch out his tirade against native efficiency and character. If these remarks appear to be of a very caustic character, the fault lies entirely with those who have rendered allusion to the unpleasant truth necessary. Men who are insensible to the call of duty, deserve to be exposed to the censures of public opinion.

Against the native youth it might at the same time be justly urged, why will they be clerks and copyists, instead of being independent laborers? Besides the service of Government is there no other sphere of usefulness? Why not be the plodding, industrious and frugal tradesman? Artists are in great demand in all the metropolis of India. Industrious and steady adventurers from Europe, by the labor of a few years, always scrape together a decent competence, and often return to the mother-country with enviable fortunes. Even the less intelligent and less skilful emigrants from China realize with ease wealth sufficient to place them and their children in independent circumstances. Why not become a carpenter, a coach-builder, or an architect? The training would require little or no expense. There are European tradesmen in the country who would be glad to take gratuitous apprentices, so they could be certain of them for a fixed time,

merely for the profit of their exertions. They are jealous indeed of rivals in trade, and the intrusion of strangers, who aspire to the craft, is not always palatable to them. But when the benefit is reciprocal the jealousy ceases. At this moment, also, they are too proud of the prestige of their present superiority, to entertain an idea of native competition, and for many years to come, would hardly think that rivalry worth attending to. A little good sense and steady application will enable the apprentice to ingratiate himself into his master's favor, and lay down the foundations of his future fortune. When he fully understands his business, he would be coveted by his master as a paid servant, and would soon be in a condition to save something from his income. His condition might be considered low up to this time, but his prospects will have already become cheering. When industry and economy have sufficiently enlarged his little savings, he can set up for himself, and, having cheaper labour at command than his master, he will do so with advantage. His condition will no longer be stationary, for his progress will henceforth depend entirely on his own personal exertions; and there are no dreams of ambition which success in business might not enable him to realize.

Agriculture also holds out to Young Bengal as good a field for exertion as the trades. We need not speak here at all of its vast importance with respect to the improvement and welfare of the country. Our business with it, at present, is only to examine it as a remunerative occupation. The cultivation of the soil is now exclusively in very ignorant hands, and is conducted with borrowed capital. How few are there in the country who plough and reap on their own independent funds! Men of superior intelligence can very easily improve upon the plan. The introduction of improved implements of husbandry would cheapen labour, and a discreet adjustment of crops would make that labour more productive; and Young Bengal being more independent in his character, and more provident in his habits, than the present farmers of the land, would be able to increase his capital year by year, and extend his business, instead of running into debt. Industry and economy are sure at the end to meet with their reward; and the field is so extensive that there is no likelihood of the number of hands engaged in the occupation making it unprofitable. In mechanical labours, British and half-caste tradesmen might vie with native youths on more advantageous grounds, but the ideas, habits and constitution of the latter, being more congenial to the climate, will give them an advantage over all foreign competitors in the cultivation of the soil.

But unfortunately Young Bengal, like his more bigotted countrymen, has a prejudice against husbandry and the trades—a remnant of the prejudices of caste. Caste dogmas have indeed sufficiently melted down to render Brahmins and shop-keepers fellow-students and friends. Go to any of the schools of Calcutta, and you will see the children of Brahmins, Vaidyas and Kayasthas associating and study-

ing with the children of carpenters and tradesmen of the lowest orders, and yet the occupations of those orders are not to be adopted. Manual trades and callings are considered less respectable than *keranydom*, on account of these prejudices. Old Bengal is of this opinion on the authority of Menu and Vyasa, which he respects. The rising generation spurn the authority, but retain the prejudice. This is very preposterous. If it were only to prove the sincerity of their conviction and the strength of their understanding, the youths of India should adopt the principle they admit, and adhere to it steadily. Nay, even apart from that, for sensible men to prefer copying papers and transcribing accounts,—which do not exercise the mind at all,—on the ground of respectability,—to labor and skill in business which have the ulterior object of promoting the welfare of the country, is absurd. In India, wealth and respectability are synonymous terms. The rapid succession of properties and families in the country prove it; and the rich men of the day are the descendants of poor and unknown grandfathers. Even were it not so, independence in all countries is more respectable than subordination. "Without it," says Junius, "no man can be happy or even honest." We will not go so far as to question the goodness of the Creator, or to stigmatize human integrity by admitting the full force of the argument; but surely human happiness and even honesty, or at least what the world calls such, would be all the more secure for a little solid pecuniary independence; and where, in what part of the world, has the position of a pensioned placeman ever secured it more quickly and thoroughly than the pursuit of trade and agriculture? The copyist from the commencement of his career, when through the influence of friends, or by bowing and cringing, he obtains a place; to the end of his long service, when by good sense and parsimony he has scraped together a humble competence; is ever subject to the will and caprice of masters often silly, saucy, and harsh, so as to weary out patience herself to a premature end, and not unfrequently so ignorant as to make service under them quite impracticable. Such would not be the life of the tradesman and the agriculturist. These, as soon as their noviciate is over, would be their own masters. They would enjoy unrestricted liberty, and be no longer subject to the whim and caprice of the ignorant, nor bound to endure the haughty look or the scornful eye. Then again the ultimate aim and end of a copyist's exertions is to secure at his journey's end a pension of 25 or 30 rupees per month, on which to live, and which is to constitute the only provision for his family, when age and infirmity shall compel him to strike work. The tradesman and the farmer would have much brighter prospects than this. Successful business, in the ordinary course of events, would furnish them with a more liberal retiring annuity, an annuity which would continue from father to son, even to the third and fourth generation, being based on an independent stock.

The path of usefulness and independence lies open to Young

Bengal. If he chooses to degrade himself notwithstanding, of course no one can help him. But his reasoning is generally distinguished by common sense and reflection, and if he would duly act up to its dictum, all men would respect him the more for it. It is true indeed, that the circumstances of many hardly allow of their acting up to their individual impressions and convictions. But even such have it in their power to direct aright the course of improvement, if they will only exert themselves accordingly. If some of the rising generation are too old already to commence life anew, forsaking the course they have taken, they have yet this in their power, not to repeat the error of their ways in their brothers and children. You have attained a height from which, at your age, you cannot descend, (we would say to them,) you cannot resume your scrip and staff to set out afresh on the journey of life. Well, be it so. But you have the direction of other minds. Take heed how you lead them. Enough of cheap copyists have you given to the Government. Hold! For your own sakes, and the sake of your country, give no more! For your country you have a task to perform, a duty to accomplish, and an end to attain. You are the especial and consecrated agents raised by Providence, not accident, for meeting the exigencies of the times, for aiding in the accomplishment of great and permanent benefits, for helping in the destruction of vast and dominant evils. Even if you hearken not to the calls of your country, your own family interests require you to be wary. Fathers, you owe a higher duty to your children than to wish them to tread in the path you are treading! Anticipate the feelings they must feel, if so directed, by your own. You support a large and increasing family, but your income has not increased. Your wish for an independent competence has not been realized, nay, you are often galled by your necessities and wants. Take heed then, when you have it left to yourselves to choose, what course you select for your children. You are respected and loved amongst your own community, but the man you are subordinate to, dressed in his little brief authority, looks down upon you with contempt. You feel the indignity, your mind is in constant distress, your withers are most severely wrung, for you cannot retort scorn for scorn. And you have children. Remember the smartings you feel when you think of training them for the life you lead. Train them rather for occupations which, by the time their expenses increase, will yield them an hourly increasing income, and which will make them happy by making them independent. Ye are the hopes of India! Not the metropolis alone, but the whole country requires your usefulness, and promises amply to repay every well-directed exertion. Tradesmen are wanted for every city and town in India, farmers for every village. The objections against the life unfolded to you are merely ideal. Examine them with your ordinary judgment, and they will melt away.

No extraordinary talents are wanted in the lines of business to which we have alluded : and they

are open to all. People who have never tried can have no idea of the immense difficulty which even clever men have in entering the Government service, particularly such as are compelled to rely on their own exertions. They have often the unpleasant alternative of seeing their applications cruelly repulsed, while men of considerably inferior pretensions are preferred to them. This bitter alternative occurs not to the mechanic and the labourer; and at the same time the qualifications required of them are lighter and more easily attained. A good acquaintance with common arithmetic, and an ordinary knowledge of the English and native languages, are all the literary accomplishments absolutely necessary, and a little cursory knowledge of geography and history might also be added, to place the native quite on a par with his European competitors. Habits of usefulness however will be plentifully required, and the sloth and indolence of the native character must be entirely given up. To rise early and work late are essential to the workman who would eat the bread of honest labor, and leave to his children the savings of carefulness. Industry, frugality, and perseverance are indispensible to his mode of life. Why does not a Hindu tradesman get on? Why is a Hindu farmer always in debt? They never labor when they can help it. If they would only exert themselves for five or six hours every day they could make themselves perfectly independent of want or debt. But this they never will. They take to themselves as much holiday as they can, and no wonder they continue needy in the midst of abundance.

There is no royal road to wealth any more than there is to knowledge. Who wishes for the ease and repose of wealth must gain them by the sweat of his brow. It is a purchase that must be made—made with application, patience and industry. This is the most important of all lessons for Hindu youths to learn. On it depend everything, health, happiness, opulence, respectability, usefulness, existence itself. There is absolutely no hope for the country independent of it. The youths of Bengal have copied English manners well, but the excellent habits of the British tradesman must also, likewise, be imitated. They have adopted the language and embraced the feelings and ideas of Englishmen; to make the imitation practically as productive as the original, they must essay to imitate also, as far as their feebler make and constitution will allow it, the English avidity for labor.

But because great literary acquirements are not necessary in rendering opulence and respectability of easy acquirement, we do not mean that their cultivation should be neglected. By no means. The object of education is to develop and discipline the mental faculties, to form habits of accurate thinking, to store the mind with a general knowledge of human nature, to fortify and elevate the character by moral discipline; and these are indispensable to all men, however the occupations of some might not require them. If Young Bengal is in uprightness, fidelity, and truth, superior to his ancestors, he owes it entirely to the culture of European education, from which he has im-

bibed ideas which exist not in the storehouse of Oriental learning. A knowledge of the English language is certainly not to be considered as a standard of individual excellence, but it throws open every avenue to truth and rectitude, and the best specimens of the Young Bengal class are certainly to be found amongst those who have cultivated it well. Whether it should be taught exclusively, or not, is a discussion that does not come within the scope of our subject, but this it might be pertinent to observe, that, while the cultivation of native literature and language has only fed the young mind with falsehoods and prejudices; from the cultivation of European literature and language have been imbibed all the sound notions now being gradually diffused throughout the land. The orthodox native notions about the origin, age, chronology and history of the earth; their ideas of astronomy, ethics and metaphysics; even their notions of human responsibility, of right and wrong, of heaven and hell, are not only erroneous, but fraught with injurious tendencies: and the only antedote against the evil they engender is their entire and utter renunciation. As a preventive against evil, therefore, if from no higher motive, English must be learnt, and well.

(To be Continued.)

ROUGH NOTES ON THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION OF THE AMRITSUR DISTRICT.

To judge of a tree by its fruits, or of measures by their result, is a popular induction, and one which we believe in the main to be as sound as it is practical. Antiquity has pronounced the firmest qualification of a Military Commander to be good fortune; or to speak more correctly, that the merits of a General should be judged by his past good or bad success; and the more matured experience of modern ages has not tended to controvert this opinion. But this axiom, which has been made to apply to the science of war, may be said to refer with even greater force to the politics of Civil Administration. Security is the great end of the Criminal Law, and the amount of Security obtained the true test of merit, so that the means employed be not inconsistent with humanity and a due regard to the liberty of the subject. Again, the speedy adjudication of disputed rights, and the prompt adjustment of commercial claims, form the best grounds for praise of a system of Civil Procedure, which should combine the greatest economy of money and time—the latter being often of the greater value. For it hath been well observed by the Philosopher of Verulam, that "true Despatch is a rich thing, for Time is the measure of business as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is little Despatch." Further, in estimating the value of any form of Civil Administration, we should not lose sight of the cost of establishments, a very important element, as such cost has often been found to overbalance the benefits of the best conceived schemes. That the administration of the district we are about to review has developed in the most satisfactory degree these first essentials of success, is a question which no one, after perusing the returns we shall adduce, will, we imagine, be disposed to question. These returns for the year 1851, the first year the system had been fairly tried, were such as to attract the attention of the highest authorities. It was here found that the oft-told tale of the Law's delay and the suitor's hope deferred, had been at length proved a fallacy; that above six thousand regular Civil suits had been decided, and that the average duration of each case, from the first arrival of the plaintiff in Court, to the final decision on the merits of his claim, had occupied, taking one case with another, twelve days and thirteen hours; the hours forming the fraction which resulted on striking the general average of the days. On comparison it was further found that a degree of despatch had been obtained, which had reduced the time occupied in each case to one-eighth of the period allotted under the former system, viz., three months; and that the amount of work executed might be more fitly compared with that of entire divisions than with that of single districts; while the character of the decisions, as evinced on appeal, might have challenged com-

parison with those of the most talented champions of the Regulation Code. Inquiry was at once directed to the measures to which these results were due, and the fate of the former course of procedure, in the Punjab at least, was definitively sealed. This former system, which was popularly known as the *Arba Kaghaz*, or four-paper system, is a miserable excerpt from the Regulations, chiefly from Regulation II. of 1806.

This code is printed in a small pamphlet, in a clear type, and an unpretending form, and intituled "Directions for the Administration of Civil Justice in the Punjab and Cis-Sutlej Province." But beyond the form and the type, it has little to recommend itself to our favor; its greatest admirers can only say that it contains the kernel of the Civil law of the older provinces, the kernel, verily, of a poisonous fruit. An eminent Cis-Sutlej jurist pointed out to us, to his own infinite satisfaction, and our intense horror, that it would be better to go to the fountain-head itself, and seek in the Regulations at large for the same rules, better laid down and more fully explained.

We propose in our present review to shew, first, the great advantages offered by our recent conquest for avoiding past errors, and the opportunity for constructing a new system on the soundest theory which could be built on the inductions from the experience of a century of past errors; and, secondly, the vigorous grasp made to secure these advantages, and the admirable adaptation of the means employed for securing the largest amount of success in the district under consideration. We shall afterwards proceed to examine the system of Civil procedure, to which we have before alluded, still partially current in the Cis-Sutlej States, and till lately in operation in the other districts of the Punjab; and endeavour to point out the defects of this system, while we exhibit the improved forms introduced by Mr. Saunders; and we shall close our review with a picture of the every-day routine of the Amritsur Office, confining our remarks to such points as will best display the most salient characteristics of the Punjab Administration, as distinguished from that of our older provinces.

It is almost needless to remind the reader, that on taking the Punjab we found it, in an administrative sense, a literal *rasa tabula.* Rights had no definition; records there were none; land, except in spots peculiarly favoured, had no marketable value. The cultivator reaped a mere subsistence from the soil. The Government, which in some instances alienated its rights, derived nominally the sole beneficiary interest. Here then was offered a fine field for building up a model system. The opportunity was not lost. The attempt was made but without uniformity, and with very imperfect means, and it must be admitted has not in every instance fully succeeded, principally, no doubt, through the want of a suitable agency. But in the district on which we write, circumstances, by a happy combination, proved propitious. The people accustomed to a simple rule, were utter strangers to litigation. Their former governors, who had been used to adjudicate on the suits of the contending parties by a summary decision, delivered *vivâ*

voce, after hearing a brief oral statement of the merits of the case, were continued in office under an altered designation, while seven years of anarchy, adverse seasons, much violence, and individual suffering, had thoroughly wearied the people, and the accession of the British sovereignty was hailed with enthusiasm. The opening offered was favourable; how many such favourable openings have been lost for ever by want of proper care! But for Amritsur was reserved a better fate. A Civilian, young in the service, but who, while serving in an adjoining district of the Jullundhur Doab, had acquired a great knowledge of the Sikhs and the Punjabees generally, was appointed to this important charge.

While thus possessing the rare advantage of an intimate knowledge of the people he was about to govern, he yet entered on the administration unfettered by laws and regulations framed by prejudiced predecessors. He had served too in a good school, and was still under the eye and patronage of his old master, who, though he be accounted—whether truly or not we cannot say—harsh in his manner, and stern in his mandates, has been always guided by a conscientious regard for the true interests of the people.

The bearing of this gentleman towards his subordinates has been made the subject of a rather angry discussion. For our own part we can honestly affirm, without any of the bias of a partizan, that he is by no means unpopular with the service at large, over which he now presides, while the members of the purely Civil branch are justly proud of him, as one of their own body, who might truly say with the Athenian statesman, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small town a great city." This is better praise than to say that he possesses that courtly affability, a very valuable element by the way in the art of Government, which can dismiss an importunate applicant in good humour, and at the same time evade compliance with his prayer.

It has been in India so long the custom to regard the highest offices as the right of men reared in the official pomposity of the Secretariat, that we are not disposed to quarrel with a little acerbity on the part of one who has done the State good service, and earned well-merited thanks in the more practical, but less elegant duties of district work.

So much for the man appointed to the charge of the Amritsur district, and his patron Mr. J. Lawrence. The natives familiarly call Mr. Saunders, the Deputy Commissioner of Amritsur, "Jân Lârins kâ bucha." Perhaps, however, Mr. Saunders owed to Mr. Montgomery, who was at that time Commissioner of the Lahore Division, the most valuable assistance; for it was, we believe, through his support, that the former was enabled to act on his own convictions, and to set aside the cumbrous forms nominally imposed for the guidance of Civil Officers in the Punjab. But here we must not close our notice of the officials. A European Officer can do but little as regards the direct management of a district, whose area is about eighteen hundred square miles, and whose population is estimated at six hundred thousand. He had not merely to see with other people's eyes, and work with

other people's hands; he required not merely a large and well-organized staff of ministerial officials, but to create subordinate functionaries, miniature types of himself—the central presiding genius of the district. But here arose a difficulty: the administrators who had governed under Runjeet Singh were totally unused to our European notions of justice. Punishment was known only as it filled the coffers of the Prince:* a civil decree was a *zabáni hukam* to the parties concerned. Records were unknown. Simplify our system as much as we would, yet some system we must have, and erecting an entirely new structure, it was as well to build the edifice on the most perfect plan. To work with the materials on the spot could be no easy task, but to have imported a herd of needy Hindustanees as Tehsildars, Peshkars, Thanadars, Jemadars, Mohurrirs, Burkundazes, *et hoc genus omne*, would have been far worse. This tribe have not the fairest reputation at their proper homes, but it is generally the worst who seek their bread in the land of the Five Waters; it was sound advice, that given by Sir John Malcolm, in a Circular to his subordinate Politicals in native States, that the native of the soil, though equally corrupt, was to be preferred to appointments sooner than a foreigner from another part of India; for besides that a people rather suffer the former than the latter, he had observed, that in taking a new country, the train of evils induced by a herd of hungry expectants following the track of the conqueror, were invariably carried to our discredit, whereas the lingering remnants of former oppression only served as a foil to the lustre of our acknowledged impartiality, and the general justice of our rule.

The plan adopted by Mr. Saunders was to retain as Tehsildars those men who had served as Kardars under the Sikh Government, and to constitute these Tehsildars not merely Collectors of Revenue, but also Judicial Officers for the trial of Civil suits of a small amount, and to entrust them with the general supervision of the police authorities in their respective divisions. To each Tehsildar was given the usual establishment of a Peshkar and several Mohurrirs. These were for the most part Hindustanees, an unavoidable arrangement, as without some such aid it would have been impossible to introduce any degree of method into the administration. The Qunoongoes

* The Manjha, an ill-favoured tract of country which forms the southern portion of the Baree Doab, yielded annually, after the fighting season, a rich harvest of blood-money. The soil of the Punjab is almost entirely dependent for its fertility on a plentiful supply of water. Below the foot of the hills runs a line of very productive land, for here rain falls in abundance, and water stands in the wells near the surface, but towards the south the high land between the rivers has become an unprofitable tract of jungle tenanted by lawless tribes of lawless cattle graziers and cattle lifters. From these men the Sikhs could derive but little in the shape of a legitimate revenue, but they contrived to turn the frequent bloody affrays which occurred in this ill-conditioned country to their own pecuniary profit. Five hundred Rupees was the ordinary fine imposed on a village for each man wounded, and two thousand for every life, and the paternal government would often net above a lac of Rupees in a single season. Though not otherwise addicted to keeping records, the Kardars were expected to register these fines accurately, and give account of the proceeds as part of the Government revenue. They were indeed often called upon to pay the fine at once themselves, and left to realize it afterwards as best they might from the offending villages. A suit is now pending in appeal on a claim brought by General Hursukh Rai, now Tehsildar of Turan Turan, in the Amritsur district, for a balance of five hundred Rupees, paid on this head to Rajah Deena Nath, when Kardar of the Manjha, but which was never realized in consequence of the annexation.

were of course natives of the district. The Tehsildar thus brought his own local knowledge into play, while he was assisted by ministerial functionaries, who had acquired official aptitude from service in the provinces. The deposition writers, who came into immediate contact with the people, were invariably Punjabees, as were also the peons to be employed in the immediate execution of the orders of the Court. Mr. Saunders, by careful tuition and unremitting attention, has succeeded in raising these district Courts to a high point of efficiency and popularity. The Officers of the district police were principally selected from men already known to Mr. Saunders in the Jullundhur Doab. In this branch there was experienced a greater difficulty in procuring natives of the country than in the Tehsil Courts, but by a judicious admixture of the two classes into the various grades of Thanadars, Jemadars and Burkundazes, a considerable amount of success has been obtained. In his own Court Mr. Saunders was forced to introduce the largest proportion of Hindustanees, but the evil was greatly mitigated by appointing the deposition writers and peons entirely from among the natives of the country. Vakeels and mookhtars, the ready agents of every villainy and corruption, were not permitted to contaminate the thresholds of the Halls of Justice. Two native Assistants were allotted to Mr. Saunders, the one, Moulvee Ahmud Ali, formerly a Sudder Ameen at Banda, the other, Sirdar Jodh Singh, a patriarchal Sikh Kardar.

Having completed our examination of the establishment created by the Deputy Commissioner, we proceed to fulfil our former promise by examining the comparative merits of the system of Civil procedure introduced into the Amritsur district, and of that which prevailed in the other districts of the Punjab. We will begin with the latter, and open our comments on Section II. of the pamphlet containing the remarks above named. The petition of plaintiff is filed, made out, of course, by a Vakeel, and loaded with the customary farrago of oriental exaggeration. The judicial officer, if he shall not see cause to reject the same as frivolous or vexatious —a very unlikely contingency, for few suiters state their own case to their own disadvantage, and "cry stinking fish" when they enter Court—must issue a notice calling on the defendant to file a written reply within fifteen days. If the defendant does not receive this notice, as he most probably will not, if the claim is a fictitious one, or does not reply, which he will not do, if the claim be just; a proclamation is issued, granting a further delay of fifteen days. Now, under the first hypothesis, the defendant will again, most probably, continue in ignorance of the alleged claim; or under the second he will make his appearance, and get a Vakeel to write a long reply, or *juwab-dawa*, full of irrelevant matter, but saying just enough to the purpose to deny the claim. In the first case the plaintiff's claim will be tried *ex-parte*, and a decree be given at once, but not executed at once. No, it will be kept in abeyance till the period allowed for an appeal has expired, when the unfortunate defendant, who is probably an industrious Jat or Rain

cultivator, and has been engaged all this time in sinking his well, finds himself ruthlessly sold up. He comes into Court, and cries *dohai* of every Hakim, but to no purpose, unless he be fined for contempt of Court. He courts Vakeels but in vain, for they will have nothing to say to a ruined man. We will now consider the case of the plaintiff who has brought a just claim. He has been waiting patiently in Court; he has paid for serving the notice and for issuing the proclamation. The latter he knows is for fifteen days, so he returns to his village. The defendant, however, now makes his appearance at once. The Judge, who has read none of the papers, passes an order for a rejoinder, *juwáb-ul-juwáb*, to be given within ten days. After that time has expired the Serishtadar brings a heap of misls or cases, and this among the rest, and says that the plaintiffs have not filed their rejoinder, on which the Judge gives the laconic order, "*Kharij, dakhil duftur,*" "*dismissed, sent to the records.*" The Serishtadar amplifies the wording, and the cases are consigned to oblivion, while he congratulates the Judge: "*Huzoor ke iqbal se is mahine men karguzari bahut.*" "*By your Honor's fortune a vast amount of business has been transacted this month.*" The plaintiff returns by the fifteenth day, and finds to his dismay that his claim has been dismissed by default! But omitting the above mishaps, which may be supposed by some to be merely hypothetical, we will imagine the suit to be landed safely thus far, and that the plaintiff has filed his rejoinder. The defendant is now called on for his replication, *hudd juwab*, to be given within five days, and this clause concludes by observing, that if the plaintiff fail to prosecute his suit for six weeks, without valid cause assigned, it will be thrown out, with costs. This is certainly cutting the time rather close; let us see. Reply thirty days, (viz., notice fifteen and proclamation fifteen) rejoinder ten; total forty days;—only two days' grace are allowed to the plaintiff, and when we reflect on the inevitable delays which must occur in passing each order and entering it in the proper register, that Sundays and other holidays will intervene, and that the Judge has to attend to Revenue, Criminal, Police, Treasury, and other duties, it will scarcely ever happen that these forms can be gone through in less than two months: rarely so speedily; and if these rules were strictly enforced, nine out of ten of the small cases, in which it would not pay to employ a Vakeel, would be dismissed by default. We know of two Judicial Officers who, when rebuked for the delay which had occurred in deciding suits, gave an order to strike off all cases which had been pending more than six weeks, and in which the four papers had not been filed: of course the file was at once cleared of all the small suits in which Vakeels had not been employed. Viewing this question as a pure abstract theory, it certainly appears to be questionable policy to apply the same rules of procedure to a suit for two rupees eight annas, and to one of two and a half lacs. "The man who is his own Lawyer has a fool for his client," may be a very good dictum; there is something smart in the antithesis,

which we like. It may too be a sound maxim. Vakeels may be good men, but they will not, from feelings of benevolence, attend to petty claims on which the 5 per cent. allowed by law would not be an adequate remuneration. Even the parties themselves often prefer to forego a just claim, or patch up an unjust compromise, to continuing a harassing attendance at Court for several months. This we believe to be not an abstract theory. In one Court in which Vakeels abound, no less than 20 per cent. of the entire number of suits instituted during the year had been dismissed by default. Figures it will be urged are fallacious: granted—but in this case the returns pronounce their own condemnation. It will be, no doubt, urged that these forms have been devised by old and wise heads; that they have long been in operation, and that the countries in which they have existed in full force have prospered under their benign influence. This may be all true, and we have had no experience in the working of the Civil Courts in the older and more settled provinces; but we may venture to suggest a doubt as to their suitability to a new country like the Punjab. We may even venture to hint that they are not peculiarly popular even where they have been known the longest; that the European Judges who enter on their judicial duties late in life, and who never see a case under 10,000 Rupees, except in appeal, do not possess the same close insight into the working of the system, as those men who have worked at a more observant age as Assistants in the Punjab, and who have tried large masses of original suits under the simplest as well as the most cumbrous forms.

We have completed our examination of the pleadings, to the consideration of which the first clause of the section under review has been devoted. The preliminary skirmishing is at an end. The ranks of the suitors have been greatly thinned. The small men have retired in sheer disgust; the faint-hearted have compromised the claims made against them. Others have now *ex-parte* decisions, and are biding their time against their unconscious victims. A few men still remain, a brave crew, whose Vakeels, like able pilots, have safely steered their barks through the shoals of the preliminary pleadings; they have large sums at stake, and they threaten the Assistant that they will appeal again and again till they obtain their ends. He, poor man, now looks at the pleadings, then at the Vakeels, but grows no bit wiser. Why should he?—the truth has been studiously concealed. No one will volunteer to concede, in these artfully drawn up documents, the most obvious admission. The Serishtadar observes the perplexity of his master, and suggests that the parties be called on to produce their proofs. *Farikin wajah saboot o tardid dakhil karin.* The Assistant, greatly relieved, consents—this however is only the beginning of fresh troubles; each party may bring his own witnesses, and on any day he may think proper, so that it is rarely the witnesses are confronted with the opposite party, and never that all witnesses of both sides are brought together at once: charges are now continually brought forward that

the opposite party have tampered with their own witnesses. Here allow us to suggest that there seems to be something faulty in our examination of witnesses. In Europe, where the love of truth may be supposed to be stronger than in Asia, it is an invariable rule to fix a day for a hearing of a suit, when all the parties may attend with their proofs, and the merits of the case can be fairly sifted, and the parties allowed an opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses. The attendance of the parties in person is also now very generally required. Let us see how this principle may be made to apply to Indian Courts. The natives of India are not naturally prone to speak the truth when contrary to their interest. But that they are all utterly without consciences, we deny: many will prevaricate who will not tell a downright falsehood; many will tell a falsehood by proxy, who will not do so themselves; many will tell a falsehood themselves in the absence of all who know it to be such, but would hesitate to do so before those whom they would thereby injure, or even in the presence of disinterested persons acquainted with the facts. In a new country these principles exert a palpable influence—they deserve to be cherished and improved by demonstrations of impartial interest in the welfare of the litigant parties, and not blighted by the introduction of a system of cold and rigid forms.

But the exclusion of all impartial testimony would seem to be the great aim of our system of Civil procedure. What saith the Code? The Judicial Officer is enjoined to receive and hear the proofs and evidence adduced by the conflicting parties themselves, but unbiassed witnesses, unconnected with either side, he is on no account to make one single effort to discover; although it is from such a source alone that the dimmest spark of the light of truth can be reflected on the genuine merits of the case. Let not the reader suppose that such witnesses are nowhere to be found. In almost every case of contested inheritance, or of family disputes among a brotherhood, it is possible, though often a matter of no slight difficulty, to find men, mutual friends of the litigant parties, who, when called upon in the presence of both sides, will give a true narrative of the facts, though, had they been appointed to decide the case as arbitrators, they might have become wavering and partial judges.

The Judge should endeavour to make the parties regard him in the light of a friendly arbitrator. In the language of the country, he should stand forth as the Great Punch ready to adjust all differences as they arise. He should weigh evidence and probabilities, and not merely *count* proofs. It should be clear to all parties that the decision emanates from himself, and that he has not cast his own proper responsibility on inadequately paid and ill-educated assessors. The late Commissioner of the Lahore Division has perhaps done more than any other man in India to disseminate just notions on questions of procedure and evidence. We feel full confidence, that wherever he may go, he will make the cause of real and substantial justice supersede the systems of empty shadows. He was the first to point

out the evils arising from an indiscriminate recourse to arbitration. Verily the name of Munsif stinketh in the nostrils of the people of the Punjab. It had been the practice in many districts to entrust the Civil work to the least efficient officer, with whom a decision of some sort became the sole object; either the case was dismissed on default, decided *ex-parte*, compromised between the parties, or referred to a couple of *bunniahs*, dignified with the appellation of arbitrators. But to make himself master of the customs of the country; to endeavour to comprehend the popular habits of thought; to obtain the surest sanctions towards checking fraud and perjury never for a moment occurred to such men. Their idea of Civil justice never extended beyond signing their initials to formal notices, or to the confirmation of the decisions given by a couple of peddling hucksters. Under such a system the unfortunate agriculturist, for defendants are ordinarily of this class, invariably went to the wall. An astute Muhajun would rake from oblivion bad book-debts almost forgotten, and abandoned as irrecoverable. The defendant would throw himself on the Court and crave a decision from the Judicial Officer, but his prayers were met by the invariable order to appoint a Munsiff. The plaintiff, a *bunniah*, who had come into Court with account books the length of his arm, had already named as his assessor one of his own class, perhaps one of his partners. The defendant is not in an equally fortunate position. His brethren are illiterate rustics, and he must either name his assessor from the class of his adversary, or else appoint a friend as ignorant as himself, who by opposing the obstinacy of sheer stupidity to the craft of the opposite party, will effectually prevent the possibility of any decision whatever.

It is not uncommon for the losing side to prevail on his assessor by pleading illness or urgent business, to withdraw from the arbitration altogether, and thus prevent a decision. The case will draw along its tardy course till more months have been suffered to elapse than there are rupees in the claim, and the costs have swelled beyond the amount of the original suit. At last, when the patience of both parties has been thoroughly exhausted, a compromise is patched up, and eagerly received by the Court. Even when the assessors desire to give a fair decision, they are rarely at the pains to sift the merits of the case, but decide on the bare statement on oath, (*nem dharm*) of the parties.

Charges of corruption are frequently brought against the assessors, but are rarely proved, or indeed scarcely even investigated. We have seen one instance in which the arbitrators, taking advantage of the absence of one of their number, made a false entry in the account books of the plaintiff, by which he was made to appear a debtor to the defendant. They were brought to trial, and convicted for this offence, but long subsequent to the transaction.

We have thus noticed in brief outline some of the most apparent defects in our general system of Civil procedure, but in the more minute details of execution there is much room for reform.

The pay of the peons is small and uncertain; their appointment, in reality, if not always in name, rests with the Nazir; very little supervision is exercised over this department by the district officer, who generally regards the *Tulubana* as a source from whence to support other establishments, and who sees little of the Civil work except in hearing appeals. The forms of process are written in the Persian character, and in that mongrel jargon of Arabic, engrafted on the Urdu idiom, which is intelligible only to people versed in the dialect of the Court Amla. Much needless delay and expense is caused by forwarding through peons notices of action, and copies of issues, on which evidence is requirod in cases where the party, for whose information the process is intended, resides in a distant locality. To one unacquainted with the mysterious ways of Civil Courts, the Post Office would seem to be the most natural, as it certainly is, the cheapest and more expeditious mode of conveyance. These notices might be forwarded to the Deputy Commissioner of the district where the defendant resides, and served by him, and the expences of the process subsequently adjusted between the respective Courts. We recollect an instance in which both the litigant parties were Europeans, and the process to be served was merely a copy of the grounds of appeal for the information of the respondent. The fee of the peon for his little walk of 320 miles was 10 Rs. 8 annas. In another case we heard of a notice of action being sent by peon the entire breadth of the Punjab: we have seen several carried in this way from Delhi to Lahore. The peon often reaches his destination after the magical period of fifteen days allowed for reply has expired—for many Courts adhere religiously to the letter of the Law—though it is manifest, that by the means of conveyance they employ, the object of the notice is frustrated, and Civil procedure rendered a mischievous farce. Here we find stern facts more absurd than the keenest satire, and the delicious description of the vagaries practised by the imaginary Philosophers of Laputa, surpassed by the rules designed by our Legislators to determine the disputes between man and man.

To recapitulate, it may be supposed that we are inclined to undervalue the importance of known and constant rules in matters of Civil procedure. This we deny. Theory and practice can never in reality be opposed. But the only sound theories are such as are elicited by the induction from a long and careful examination of facts. We maintain that our forms of procedure are not only unsuited to the character of the nations for whom they have been framed, but that they are contrary to those first principles which should regulate the despatch of business in every climate. As Rousseau playfully remarked —we cannot hinder an earthquake by building a great city near a burning mountain.

We have shewn that it is unwise to apply the same rules to a suit for a few rupees as should be laid down for the investigation of a claim involving property to the value of several lacs. That it is unwise to insist on the same complicated series of pleadings, petition of plaint, reply, rejoin-

der, replication in every case, whether the suit be for foreclosure of a mortgage duly registered and clearly proved on the first proceedings instituted, or a plaint on a note of hand, or a suit to oust a defaulting tenant from the dwelling house of the plaintiff; or, whether, on the other hand, the claim be one of gigantic proportions, and involving complicated interests, as sometimes occur between the partners of a wealthy firm. The first mentioned classes of Civil cases ought to be disposed of summarily on the depositions of both parties, and, indeed, often on the mere affidavit of the plaintiff, and the production of the necessary documents. Such decisions should not be set aside on appeal, till the opposite side has established a charge of direct fraud or perjury. At present mis-statements may be made with nearly perfect impunity—a fine on the pleader is the utmost penalty imposed even by a severe Judge. In the investigation of the more difficult suits the Judicial Officer should be assisted by professional accountants, duly sworn and adequately remunerated. The opinion and advice of an impartial jury should be taken, but the Judicial Officer should himself sift the proofs, and make himself master of the merits of the case.

In the system of procedure to be adopted, a clear line of distinction should be drawn between suits in which both parties reside in the vicinity of the Court, and the claim is of small amount; and those in which either of the parties have removed to another district since the cause of action arose. It has always been the practice in the Amritsur district, when the petition of plaint was filed, to question the plaintiff as to the grounds of his claim, and the nature of the proofs it was in his power to adduce. Upon this hearing, in all small cases, it was the custom to furnish the plaintiff with a peon to summon his witnesses, and at the same time direct the attendance of the defendant. The case was generally decided or adjusted between the parties on this first hearing. Of the 6122 cases decided in the Amritsur Courts, 2138, or almost 35 per cent. were adjusted by the parties themselves. The policy of allowing suits to be adjusted by compromise has been much disputed. Many high authorities affirm a withdrawal or acknowledgment of the claim, or a decree on the proofs adduced, to be the only proper modes of terminating litigation. Be this as it may, there is one fact worthy of notice, as showing how similar results may be produced by entirely opposite causes. The proportion of claims adjusted by compromise, in a Court where the administration of Civil justice has been perhaps the most tardy and defective of any in the Punjab, is almost exactly the same as that given above for the Amritsur Court, viz., 862 out of a total of 2527 cases disposed of. No statement of the average time occupied in the decision of suits was kept for this district, but it certainly was longer even than in most of those other offices, where the former system of procedure has been retained. This may be generally set down as between three and four months; a period far too long, when we consider that this average is taken on all suits, whether for a

rupee or for a lac of rupees, and for all cases however disposed of, including such as are dismissed by default, compromised between the parties, or where the defendant has confessed judgment. The worst feature of the administration of the office, which we have adduced as a type of the old system, is that the smallest claims, when contested, occupied the longest period of time, and it seemed as if the parties in such cases regarded the Civil Court as an arena whereon to exercise their skill, at legal thrust and parry, and the course of Civil justice a sort of small sword pleading. The plaintiff makes a lunge with an *itilanamah*, defendant falls back a step, and is proclaimed *non est inventus*; plaintiff advances—thrust in quarte with an *ishtihar*, parry with a *jawáb-dawa*. Another thrust, by plaintiff, in tierce with an application for arbitrators. Both cry, hold! enough! and a truce is made. The case is now sent to two *bunniahs*, who sit in their shops doing little or nothing; a *muzkoorie* sits alongside, drawing his daily pay, and in no hurry to bring the business to a close. The plaintiff grows impatient, and applies to the Court to take the proofs and decide on the merits. The application is refused, as the Judicial Officer has no wish to bring on the combat again in his presence. A petition is given against him to his superior, the Deputy Commissioner, that the arbitrators have taken bribes, and an interlocutory order is sent to the lower Court to appoint other *Munsifs*. Then the passage of arms is renewed—"*Your Munsif* does not suit me," says the plaintiff to the defendant—"your Munsif is fifth cousin to your uncle's wife," replies the defendant. The Judicial Officer will now, perhaps, endeavor to get proofs, and decide to the best of his judgment. The plaintiff is told to give a *juwáb-ul-juwáb* or replication, but finding this inconvenient, he retires to his home, and takes the respite of six weeks allowed by law. He then returns to the charge. The defendant, tired by long delay, has abandoned the field, and the plaintiff gets a decree *ex-parte*. The defendant appeals, and the case is remanded for a new trial. The old game is repeated till the patience of the parties is exhausted, and the case is withdrawn by compromise.

The administration of Civil justice is a topic of too great national importance to be made the subject of jest or satire. We have given these stray thoughts which we have jotted down in stray moments, that the Indian public might view the experience of an official who has worked in a routine of technicalities run mad, and who has since worked under a man who has known how to combine despatch with efficiency, and to obtain great results with moderate means. We shall close our remarks for the present time, purporting to revert to this subject at some future day. The evils of our system of Civil procedure have already attracted the attention of our rulers in the Punjab. New rules, which we doubt not will be better calculated to obtain the ends of Civil justice, will be promulgated, and we cannot better conclude than by wishing every success to men whose great aim is to learn the wishes of the people, ascertain existing defects in the working of our various systems.—

K.

Revenue, Civil and Police, and to apply to each, improvements most in unison with the popular feeling, and the great ends to be severally obtained.

THE HERMIT OF THE CHENAB.

Statement of Civil Cases, decided during the Year 1851.

	On their Merits.	*By Arbitration.*	*By Razeenama.*	TOTAL.
By Deputy Commissioner,	184	53	29	266
,, Coventd. Assistants,...	93	25	85	203
,, Native Assistants,......	1563	229	764	2556
,, Tehsildars,...............	1574	263	1260	3097
Grand Total,......	3414	570	2138	6122

Statement of the Average Number of Days taken in the Decision of Civil Cases in 1851.

	Cases.	*Days.*	*Each Case.*
From 1 to 100 Rs.	5429	51575	9 days 12 hours.
,, 100 to 1,000 ,,	707	23331	31 days.
,, 1,000 to 5,000 ,,	24	1152	48 days.
Above 5,000 ,,	5	1314	262 days 19 hours.
Total,...	6165	77372	12 days 13 hours.

SENT OUT TO INDIA;

A TALE.

(By the Author of "My Uncle Ben's Courtships.")

CHAPTER I.

THE SISTERS.

It was a pleasant evening in the glowing month of June. A shower had fallen in the afternoon, and had cooled the air, and laid the dust, and lent new beauty to the trees and flowers, which glistened in the rays of the setting sun as though bedecked with jewels. Labourers were wending their way homeward from their work. Children were playing in the roads and green lanes: some scampering about like mad creatures; others flying paper kites, and watching them, as they rose, with the greatest interest; others, again, devoting their skill and energy to the "Old English Game," of cricket, bowling with their utmost force, "batting" with emulative science, and "fielding" with an activity and precision worthy of adult players. Here and there, you would see a slim nursemaid, carefully taking home "the baby," while the penultimate member of the family, a chubby-cheeked, laughing little fellow, would cling tightly to her skirts, and occasionally obstruct her progress, notwithstanding earnest implorations. Walking about the meadow, close to the green hedgerows, and shunning the noisy boys at their play, were a few young couples, whom fate had thrown together, and who probably contemplated a nearer connexion ere long: talking low they were, and saying more perhaps with the eyes than the lips, as is often the case with lovers, but contriving nevertheless to understand each other very well. The birds, having to rise betimes, were retiring early to their leafy dormitories, but numbers of insects were floating about on the summer air, or buzzing rapidly through it, unconscious, may-be, of the extreme brevity of their life, but evidently determined to make the most of it. The scent of roses, and pinks, and geraniums, and mignonette, and other odorous flowers, mingled with the soft evening breeze, and was really quite overpowering in the neighbourhood of the gardener's cottage, where the floral wealth clustered in richest profusion.

The gardener's cottage was just at the corner of the road which branches off from the highway, and leads to Elfdale, the famous old seat of the Thelstanes of Elfwood. It was a pretty cottage enough, but always appeared so dazzlingly white, that some ignorant folks in the village averred that it was whitewashed nightly by the fairies;—and you had so much difficulty in determining its exact shape and dimensions, amidst the trees, and shrubs, and bushes, and flowers of all sorts, in which it was embosomed, that you felt at a complete loss with respect to the order of architecture (if any) to-

which it belonged, and were sorely tempted to anathematise the old gardener, who, in the flush of his professional pride, had thus enveloped his dwelling with a preposterous profusion of greeneries. On a rising ground, a hundred yards or so from this "cottage in a nosegay" (as Louise Devigne used to term it) there stood a plain, modest house of two stories, with a little lawn in front, and some well-arranged garden plots, where the old gardener of Elfdale often did an hour's work, "more for love than profit," and in which were some remarkably fine plants, that had been presented to the owner by eminent or wealthy persons in times gone by. This house was occupied (at the period we write of) by a gentleman named Ralph Devigne, and his two daughters, Miriam and Louise. Throughout the village of Elfwood, there was not a more notorious fact than the poverty of this family; yet was Mr. Devigne universally respected for his uprightness, admired for his talents, and beloved for his many virtues, his kind disposition, and his unassuming manners. He had embraced the literary calling in early youth, and had neither wholly failed nor entirely succeeded in it. Happy for him if he had done either the one or the other! Had he failed utterly, he might have betaken himself in time to some other and more lucrative profession, but the opening of his career had been bright and promising, and he had met, for some years, with a measure of encouragement that had induced him to devote himself exclusively to letters, so that when at the age of forty he found his health declining, his earnings becoming more scanty, and two motherless and portionless girls depending wholly upon him for support; he neither had the energy nor the power to strike out a new path in life, but felt compelled to sit down and drink the cup he had poured out for himself, bitter as it was. Little did he complain to those about him, for his spirit had already derived from calamity the capacity of endurance; but there were times when, looking in the fair faces of his daughters, or thinking of them at night, seated alone in his study, questions would arise, and reflections occur, to his widowed heart, that made it beat fast and audibly, and sent the tears rushing to his eyes.

Mr. Devigne was a lover of nature. Lady Thelstane of Elfdale, who gave much of her time to the study of botany, would often come to consult him upon matters connected with her favourite science, while testy Sir Roderick, her spouse, whose whole heart was in agriculture, considered his judgment of no mean value in questions relating to farming, and the rotation of crops. The old gardener regarded him as a perfect oracle. Lancelot Smart, the village Doctor, who divided his attention pretty equally between physic and entomology, would sometimes spend an entire hour in eliciting Mr. Devigne's opinions on the habits of the grasshopper, or the connecting link between the moth and the butterfly. Though neither a poet nor a painter, beautiful scenery had to him a peculiar charm; and when he walked forth, whether for exercise or recreation, his observant eye, and reflecting mind, found delightful and profitable

employment in scanning objects which the common order of mankind are prone to pass by unheeding, or regard with the feeble homage of a conventional admiration. But on the evening of which we speak, Mr. Devigne seemed to have no eye, no soul, for anything that was passing around. He walked, stick in hand, along the road, and up the little avenue that led to his house, evidently in a mood of deep abstraction. Every now and then he would strike a stone from his path, or go out of his way to smite down an unoffending thistle, without, however, it was obvious, having any distinct idea of the acts he was committing. Something lay at his heart heavier than stones, and sharper than thistles!

He passed through his garden gate, and found his two daughters busily engaged in plucking flowers, and forming, as they said, "such beautiful *bouquets*."

"Are not these lovely roses?" said Miriam, as he approached.

"And look, dear papa," added Louise, "what sweet carnations. Now really they *are* magnificent! I am sure old Robert could not produce finer ones, for all he is so proud of his garden."

"Fine flowers, fine flowers," repeated Mr. Devigne, mechanically, and looking at his daughters, not at the nosegays.

Miriam might be called a really beautiful girl. Tall and slight, she had placid and regular features, large dark eyes, and black wavy hair, which was parted neatly across a smooth high forehead. The contour of her face was exceedingly fine, and there was a seriousness and dignity about her which contrasted strikingly with the more animated and mirthful traits of her younger sister. In her eyes, however, you saw glancing occasionally a light which, though it lent them brilliance, seemed to say that her soul contained latent fires of passion which the troubles or temptations of life might some day kindle into flame. It was an expression well known, but difficult to describe. Looking upon the fair but more childish form and face of Louise with her hazel eyes and auburn hair, the observer would say: that girl may pass through a thousand trials—care may cloud her brow—sorrow may take away the lightness of her step and the music of her voice. She may be betrayed, wronged, oppressed, insulted,—but whatever her fate, she will be truthful and loyal-hearted to the last.

But looking at Miriam, he would say: as her life may be, so will her character prove. Love her, cherish her, shield her with protecting care, win her with affectionate kindness, and she will be the veritable angel of her father's dreams. But the world has cares that may crush her, temptations she may not be able to resist. She will not submit tamely to wrong. She will not readily forgive insult. If the heart wherein so much fire slumbers be struck, flame will come forth to scorch the striker, even though it should reduce its own habitation to ashes.

"My dears," said Mr. Devigne, in his usual kind manner, "Come in for a moment, I wish to speak to you."

"Oh! why not say it here, papa," said Louise, "how can we go in, this beautiful evening?"

"Of course you may return again. I shan't keep you long. So run in with you, directly."

And Mr. Devigne, assuming a gaiety he did not really feel, pretended to chase the two pretty girls into the cottage.

"My children," he said gravely, leading them to the window of the little sitting room, and standing between them as he spoke,—"listen to me. I have something to tell you. To-day I have received a letter from my brother in India, from Major Devigne. He was a wild, reckless fellow; but twenty years have brought him greater gifts of fortune than have fallen to my lot. He is extremely well off, whereas you know I often have to struggle hard,—I won't say to avert starvation, but at any rate to keep up a respectable appearance—and all that. Well, my dears, Everard is married, and has children, but knowing how poor, how *very* poor, I am, he has offered to receive you both into his family in India, to introduce you to society, and to settle you comfortably in life. Duty and feeling, my pets, often have tough battles; and I confess they have had a terrible conflict with me this afternoon. But duty has gained the victory—and—and—I am glad of it. I have resolved on sending you both out."

These last words were stammered forth by poor Devigne in a tone as little allied to gladness as can be well conceived.

"Now, my dears," he continued, glancing first at one and then at the other of the amazed girls, "I know you won't like to leave home. True, home is not what it used to be when my poor,——then, when your poor mother was alive, but still, I have endeavoured to be kind to you, and to do my duty towards you, and I fully understand how girls like you must feel when sent forth to a foreign land among comparative strangers. Now, don't cry, foolish ones," he said, observing that the big tears were rolling down the cheeks of his daughters. "You must hear me out. God knows I have worked hard, and that if I thought it for your good, I would toil day and night to provide the means of maintaining our position, and settling you advantageouly, but my health, as you know, sinks under this incessant labour, this ceaseless wear and tear of body and mind, and if I do not take some such step as I am contemplating, perhaps my life may be the forfeit, and then, my sweet girls, what *would* become of you? Many a dismal thought had crossed my mind on this subject before I received my brother's letter. The Doctor had said, you must not work, it is this desk labour that is killing you by inches; and I had replied, the labour that is killing me is giving bread to my children, and work I *must*. But now a way of escape from the difficulty presents itself. You will go abroad. With my brother's aid, you will assume the position to which your birth and education entitle you. In time, you will get good husbands; and ere many years are past, I shall doubtless see you both again. It is a sacrifice I am making,—oh! a bitter, bitter sacrifice, but, my children, it is inevitable, and God's will be done!"

"No, no, no, father!" cried poor Louise, half choked with her sobs. "I will not go. Let me work for you. Let Miriam work for you. We can do any thing.

You don't know how much we can do. Only let us stay in the dear old house, with our dear papa. I hate India. I can't bear the name of it. I don't want to go into society and be settled in life."

Miriam replied more calmly: "Father, this must not be. If you have a duty, we have one too. Ill as you are, we will not desert you. We will toil for your support, and you shall lay down your pen till your health is fully restored."

"My darlings," said Devigne, "this is like you, this is what I expected. But my mind is made up. I have considered the subject in all its lights and bearings; and having recognised my duty to do the best I can for you, and determined solemnly what that 'best' is, why there remains no more to be said. And now," (he added, kissing them,) "go into the garden again, and finish gathering the flowers for your nosegays."

The girls did *not* return to the garden. The second sorrow of their life (the first was when their mother died) had come upon them, and although Mr. Devigne went into his study and left them free to do as they wished, they remained standing by the open window talking mournfully, and in a low tone over their altered prospects. The flowers they had plucked lay unheeded on the table. Others as fair and as sweet were in the garden, but the tearful eyes of the two girls looked not near them. And when twilight passed, and the glorious moon rose to keep watch for a few short hours, till dawn, the sisters retired sadly to their little room, and for the first time for five years cried themselves to sleep locked in each other's arms.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE-KEEPER.

Mr. Devigne was firm to his purpose. His brother the Major, with an agreeable mixture of Saxon foresight and Oriental liberality, had enclosed in the letter which contained the offer respecting the young ladies, a note addressed to his Agents in London, requesting them to make, at his expense, all the necessary arrangements for the passage of the Misses Devigne to Bombay, in case his brother should determine on sending them out. Elfwood, as you are aware, is not many miles from London; and Mr. Devigne therefore required but little time to wait upon the Major's agents, and settle, in consultation with them, the pecuniary matters connected with the business in hand. Everything was soon arranged: a roomy cabin was engaged for the girls on board the good ship *Flamborough Castle*, of 1400 tons, Captain Theophilus Todd, and Miriam and Louise undertook a journey—indeed more than one journey—to town; for the purpose of buying things for their "outfit," a more important matter then than at the present day, when people may, in a few hours, and with scarcely a particle of trouble, suit themselves with necessaries for a voyage to the Antipodes.

There was another member of Mr. Devigne's household, whom

it was found desirable to take into council at a very early stage of the proceedings. This was no other than the well known Mrs. Comfit, whose celebrity, commencing in Elfwood, had gradually spread, in increasing circles, till it embraced the whole country for miles round. Mrs. Comfit's ostensible and recognised position in the establishment was that of house-keeper, but she discharged wider functions, and enjoyed greater privileges, and exercised more comprehensive sway, than fall (save in very rare cases) to the lot of elderly ladies filling that responsible office. We have used the word "elderly," but for all Mrs. Comfit's unshapely figure, and the wrinkles in her face, and the grey hairs with which her locks were somewhat more than sprinkled, you must not suppose that much above forty winters had passed over her matronly head. Perhaps the signs of age we have indicated had come a little prematurely, owing to some cares or misfortunes in early life. Mrs. Comfit may have been crossed in love—or had an indifferent husband—or been unfortunate in business—all these things have been the cause of wrinkles and grey hairs ere now. We know that neither Miriam nor Louise could ever obtain from her an intelligible account of her career: she would often promise to tell them "the whole story," and commencing, in her motherly way, at the very beginning, with a circumstantial narrative of her birth, baptism, and schooling, would dash off, now and again, into so many little homilies or didactic deliverances, touching the nursing of young children, the baptismal ceremonies, the faults of the educational system in byegone days, and so forth, that by the time she had arrived at the period of her being taken from school and sent daily with her brother Tom to an "Academy" to learn dancing, the house affairs (which could never go on satisfactorily for any length of time without her presence) would call her away, and imperiously necessitate a pause in her autobiography. On one occasion, we believe, she got as far as a proposal of marriage, and having launched into a protracted and (as the girls thought) rather too general invective against mankind, and then treated, at large, on the question whether a lilac or sea-green silk dress would have best become her on her wedding-day, if she had chanced at that time to get married,—she gave promise of returning from these digressions to the point she started from, when, sad to say, the fact of something having "boiled over" in the kitchen, became evident to the ears and nose of the narrator, and with an exclamation of dismay, she rushed from the spot, leaving her story unfinished to save a delicate stew from threatened destruction! Mrs. Comfit had been ten years in the family; and with all her foibles and peculiarities, she occupied so influential a position, that in a matter of such importance as the intended departure of her two young mistresses, it was considered only proper and right to consult her as soon as Mr. Devigne came to the determination which we have recorded. Accordingly, Miriam and Louise repaired, on the morning following the scene des-

cribed in our first chapter, to the little room where Mrs. Comfit held her state, undisputed empress of the little domestic realm of the Devignes.

"We've some news to tell you, Mrs. Comfit," said Miriam: "we are going to India."

"To India," exclaimed the house-keeper, opening her eyes very wide with astonishment, and throwing down a large lamb's-wool stocking which she had been darning. "Oh dear me, all amongst the Ioways, and the Ojibbeways, and the Cannibals, and the rattle-snakes, and the Nabobs, and the Kangaroos, and the Mocassins! Not you, my dears. Who on earth has been putting such nonsense into your heads?"

"I wish it *were* nonsense, Mrs. Comfit," returned Louise—the tears starting into her eyes—"but it's only too true. Papa has made up his mind that we are to go out to Uncle Everard."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed the old lady, "no, never. What can Mr. Devigne be thinking of? With all his learning, it is clear he knows nothing about them parts. Why, do you know the 'orrid savages tattoo themselves, and eat their little children, and the women burn themselves to cinders when their husbands die, which they call *Sooty*. Oh! such tales I've read of them Injins. They've tomahawks, too, with which they attack the Christian Missionaries, and when they don't scalp the English, they shut them up in a place they call the Black Hole that's in Calcutta, where Captain Cook was murdered."

The young ladies, heavy hearted as they were, could not refrain from smiling at the extraordinary jumble which some very miscellaneous and undigested reading had created in the mind of Mrs. Comfit.

"You are thinking of all the Indies put together, of the backwoods of America—and of New Zealand—and Otaheite," said Miriam. "There's nothing particular to dread in India, except the climate, and the distance from all we hold dear."

"Don't tell *me*," replied the house-keeper: "they are only trying to deceive you. It's the most 'orrible country in the whole world. It's full of scorpions and buffaloes, and lions and tigers, you will be stung to death by snakes, and devoured by hippopotamuses, and find cockroaches in your shoes; and as for the musketoes,—oh I *never!*"

"But people live there notwithstanding," suggested Louise.

"Live!" cried Mrs. Comfit, contemptuously, "and, what a life it is! They never go to Church, I'm told, and their morals is shameful. The Rev. Mr. Pedley, who went out there to convert the heathen, told us in his sermon at the Bethel Meeting-House, that the greatest hobstacle he had to contend with in his self-denying labours was the downright indifference of the Europeans to religious things. Yes, my dear young ladies! a country where the Governor and Councillors ride on the car of Juggernaut, while thousands of hignorant heathen himmolate themselves beneath the wheels! Them were his very words."

How much more information of a like original kind Mrs. Com-

fit might have imparted to her young mistresses, we are unable to say, but at this point of the colloquy, a light knock was heard at the door, and after a quiet "May I come in?" Mr. Devigne entered the apartment.

"Oh! Mr. Devigne," said the house-keeper, imploringly, "*are* you going to send the dear young ladies to India?"

"Most unquestionably," replied Mr. Devigne, calmly.

"Then, sir," said Mrs. Comfit, rising with a vast assumption of dignity, "I can tell you that *I* will not go with them. Not I."

"I have not yet requested you, I think."

"And it's of no use, Mr. Devigne. Life to me is no longer what it used to be, heigho! but sooner than go out to that 'orrid country, to be eaten up by a hyæna, or a banyan, I declare I'd throw myself into the Serpentine."

Mr. Devigne very quietly took a chair. He was evidently quite used to the worthy house-keeper, and to her peculiar ways of thinking and acting. "The fact is, Mrs. Comfit," he said, "and I don't see the use of concealing it from you; I *was* going to ask you to accompany my daughters to Bombay."

Mrs. Comfit looked as though she knew *that* perfectly well, and did not need any information about it.

"For these ten years past," pursued Mr. Devigne, "you have been an inmate of my house, and a member, as it were, of my family. You have been trusted, respected, honored. We may occasionally have had little differences of opinion, but as I am not irritable, and you are not *very* obdurate, they have not lessened the friendly feeling that has always subsisted between us. You have been really a mother to my poor orphan girls."

Mrs. Comfit had remained standing, and she had curtsied once or twice as a sort of acknowledgment of the favorable expressions of opinion passed on her by her esteemed master. When Mr. Devigne came to the words "orphan girls," she took up her handkerchief, and began to wipe the corners of her eyes.

"Now," continued Mr. Devigne, "having formed so favorable an estimate of your character, and knowing how your many cares and kindnesses had endeared you to my children, I fell naturally into the belief that being, as you are, without family or near connections, it would be a practicable and beneficial arrangement for you to accompany the girls during their voyage, and remain with them in their new home till they got a little settled, even if you did not stay with them altogether."

Mrs. Comfit now cried quite audibly.

"I am sorry," Mr. Devigne went on, "that I should have made such a mistake; but *we* of course shall be the only sufferers. You will easily obtain another situation, for I can bear weighty testimony to your merits; and I must go to town, and see if I cannot secure the services of some other respectable female to accompany my daughters. There are many persons advertising for employment, who I dare say would not object to a voyage to India, notwithstanding the hyænas and the banyans!"

"O Lord, Sir !" cried Mrs. Comfit, "I has my prejudices; and to go out among the monkeys and crocodiles is trying to a poor unprotected female; but you talk, sir, so feelingly and affectingly, that I can't really desert the poor young ladies. I know what I shall have to suffer. I am certain I shall die of sea-sickness, and that the cookery on board-ship will be the death of me, and that the climate will be fatal to my constitution, and that the wild beasts will some day or other make a meal of me. But I will sacrifice myself for my young mistresses. What is the world to me now? The flowers of life is faded, as the Reverend Mr. Pedley said in one of his beautiful discourses, and it matters little whether poor Margaret Comfit dies comfortably, in her bed, or becomes a prey to the wandering jackal."

"I knew how it would be from the first," said Mr. Devigne with a smile. "Mrs. Comfit has not been my house-keeper for ten years for nothing. I understand her better than she understands herself."

"O Mrs. Comfit !" cried Louise, as her father left the room, "I am so glad you are going. We shan't be quite alone, at any rate. You will try and keep up our spirits, won't you?"

"No !" exclaimed the worthy person, sinking into her chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief. "I won't try and keep up anybody's spirits. It is of no use. I shan't live long. We are all going to be himmolated.

"Nonsense !" cried Miriam: "do show a little more firmness and wisdom. We shall all feel leaving our pleasant home, and dear old Elfwood: but remember, the keenest parting is for *us*, who are about to quit a parent's roof, and place thousand of miles between us and his protecting care and fond love. Remember *that* !"

Mrs. Comfit said it was all very true, and she would endeavor to reconcile herself to her lot. She had her ties, however, too, and should have many bitter partings. There was the old gardener, who brought her a huge bunch of flowers every morning, which she put into the handsomest sugar-basin in the house-keeper's room, filled with pure spring-water: Would not *he* miss her when she went away. Would not he pass her window with a heavy heart, when, instead of seeing her smiling there as usual, as he approached, he descried only the dirty features of some slut of a maid-of-all-work? And would not little Sally, the milk-girl, (to whom she gave a large slice of bread-and-butter every afternoon) miss her too? And would not Ben the Butcher, for all his *un*proper jokes, feel lonesome when he gave the meat into-other hands? And would not Mrs. Pettitoe, the house-keeper up at Elfdale, miss her friend at those nice little tea parties, which she had been wont to enliven with her characteristic passages of autobiography, her contributions of culinary lore, her valuable information regarding foreign parts, and her animated gossip about things in general, and the society of Elfwood in particular? And would not Miss Trimmer, the village dressmaker, who so often came to ask her advice on matters connected with that sublime art, on the shape of stomachers, and the size of floun-

ces, and the cut of sleeves, and the colour of ribbons, would not *she* miss her very much indeed? As for the old gray parrot, who swung on his perch in the great wire-cage in the house-keeper's room, and whose behaviour had been reformed, and language purified, for he had been a reckless, swaggering, swearing libertine of a parrot when first brought from abroad—only by the most unremitting care and attention on the part of his estimable Misstress, Mrs. Comfit declared that she would certainly take him with her, and restore him to the land of his birth, where perhaps in time to come he might be her only solace and comfort. The lazy tortoise-shell cat, which having killed the very last rat and mouse in the house, had fallen into peaceful and indolent habits, lying before the fire in winter, and basking in the sun in summer, and really dreaming away existence,—that should assuredly go too, for Mrs. Comfit loved her cat, perhaps "not wisely, but too well," and had loved it, and cherished it, from very kittenhood!

The young ladies having given in to Mrs. Comfit's views on all these points, at last got the worthy house-keeper into a better and livelier mood; and it is a fact which we rejoice to record, that notwithstanding occasional relapses into melancholy musing, and one or two indignant outbursts against the climate, the people, and the zoology of India, and notwithstanding her having dreamt, for two nights running, of being attacked by a herd of ourang-outangs, taken captive by them, and subjected to the indignity of tattooing, the excellent woman threw her whole energies into the busy work of preparation for the voyage, and rendered a world of assistance to the girls in selecting and making up various articles of attire, and packing the trunks and boxes destined to be shipped on board the *Flamborough Castle.*

CHAPTER III.

THE WRITER.

The first shock over, evils, seen to be inevitable, soon grow familiar to the mind. There was so much to think and talk about, so much to do, and so much to anticipate, in connexion with their approaching departure from home, that the Misses Devigne and the eccentric house-keeper found themselves, before long, dwelling a good deal less upon the event itself than upon the variety of little incidents and arrangements to which it gave rise. Mrs. Comfit bustled about with marked alacrity; Louise performed her part with an appearance of cheerfulness; and Miriam, though she made many attempts, could not repress a growing feeling, that there might be, in the life upon which she was about to enter, something in store for *her* which would realise the proudest dreams of woman's ambition. She had heard and read much of India; and though her perceptions of that famed land were as yet necessarily indistinct, she did not fail, in the warmth of youthful fancy, to clothe them in rich and glowing imagery.

Poor Mr. Devigne, on the other hand, took such little apparent interest in the preparations in progress around him, and passed so much time writing in his study, that an ordinary observer might have deemed his mind absorbed in some great question far above the level of the common affairs of life. He had work to do. He was engaged upon an article for a Review, a long and elaborate article, illustrative of Spanish dramatic literature. It was necessary that it should be completed by a certain time, just previous to the departure of his daughters, and he therefore wrote hard, and by a succession of powerful efforts, abstracted his attention in a great measure from the busy proceedings of the household. Was this unfeeling? Let us look in upon him, as he sits in his little room, bringing the energies of his mind to bear upon the subject he has taken up. Enter. He is at the table pen in hand, and paper before him. A tall, high-browed man, with calm blue eyes, and a face whose deep lines tell of many struggles, and much thought. A pile of ancient-looking books is upon a chair by his side. Every now and then he pauses, to refer to one of these volumes, and seems for a while lost in thought. Then he writes on, completes a page, and takes a fresh sheet of paper. You see the pen travel rapidly—and fancy, how easy, it is to write! No vestige here of the operation of the primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." As the lamp burns, so the hand moves, silently and unlaboriously. Ideas flash across the mind, and are recorded calmly and quietly: there is no straining of the thews and sinews,—no heating of the blood,—no tiring of the limbs;—why should this be called toil? Stay, the pen stops—there is a long pause—what can be the obstacle to progress? The books are again referred to. A magazine is taken up, hurriedly glanced over, and thrown down again. Devigne sits reflecting for some minutes; then rises, and walks to the book-case against the wall, over which hangs the large picture. He takes out several volumes, one after another, but cannot find what he wants. The eyes are raised, and encounter the eyes of the lady in the picture. How like his daughter Miriam! Yes; but the lady's hair hung in long dark tresses over her neck and shoulders, while Miriam's is not allowed such freedom. The lady's form was fuller than his daughter's. The lady had a more anxious expression of countenance than the girl has—as yet. What a lovely arm! And oh! the soul seems still to be breathing from those eyes.

He had closed them in death.

"My poor wife!" cries the widower, in hardly audible tones, returning to his desk as he speaks. "Poor Ellen!"

He takes up his pen again. He had wanted the date of publication of an old tragedy, now almost forgotten. Well, he will leave a blank for it, and go on.

The pen moves once more. Those eyes seem to be watching him. Those eyes, which, when he first caught their glance, had lit up his young soul with ardent passion, which had been won at length to regard him with love and kindness—which had cheered him with their warm brightness in all seasons and all changes of

life,—which had gazed with unutterable tenderness upon his sleeping children,—which, in the hour of sickness, had received him with their mild and loving light. Still on the canvas they seem to live and burn, but it is Devigne's imagination rather than the painter's skill that restores their peculiar radiance. They shine now in heaven!

Now for the translation. The fine speech from that noble old play. He knows the original almost by heart, and there will be no difficulty in throwing it into blank verse. He is going to commence, when he hears footsteps, and the voices of his daughters.

"Papa, may we come in?"

He can deny them nothing. It is far too late, he tells them, for young girls to be sitting up; but as they insist upon helping him in his labours, he will not refuse their aid. So Louise sits down to translate a few remarks from a French Review, which Devigne thinks of quoting in his article; and Miriam takes her father's chair, and prepares to write out the fine speech, which he will dictate to her. It is where Don Alonzo, a Spanish Prince, who is supposed to have won the love of the girl Isidora as a peasant swain, comes to the cottage of his mistress, and throwing off his cloak, discloses himself, in his splendid and jewelled attire, as heir to the throne of Spain.

Alonzo.—Behold me as I am! See to what height,
Unreached by all thy hopes, and all thy dreams,
My love will raise thee!
Isidora.—I could weep for wo
To note this fearful change in him I love!
Thou art no more Alonzo! Do not frown,
Nor turn aside thy head. Thou hast deceived me!
Won my young heart to cast it to the winds—
Raised my fond hopes to dash them to the ground—
Planted affection but to blight its growth—
Made me a widow ere become a wife—
Killed thyself to me! Humble as I am,
I could not share thy state nor grace thy throne,
For even did law and custom not forbid
The Prince of Spain to wed a peasant girl,
And could thy people's sanction be procured
To such unwonted union, still, this heart,
With all its lowly wishes and desires,
It's modest faith, and unambitious love,
Would soon be crushed beneath the dazzling load
Of regal greatness. Let me think thee dead!
Better be mourning over the early grave
Of buried joys, than grasp at seeming bliss
That issues in delusion! Go, my friend,
And seek some stately dame in whose pure veins
The noble blood of Kings and Princes runs,
Some high-born dame, who by thy side may stand
Unblushing, when great Spain's nobility,
Grace, Wealth, and Grandeur, come to pay thee court;
—Make *her* thy wife—she will be worthy of thee:

I could not bear the cold and scornful smile
Of subjects, looking *down* upon their Queen,
And making acts of homage proud rebukes;
The just contempt of all these haughty ones
Would weigh me to the earth; and if, perchance,
Alonzo, wroth to find his peasant girl
Shrinking, confused, from all his State and Glory,
Should strike her with a frown,—O then, great Heaven,
What would become of hapless Isidora?

Miriam paused when she had written the last line. "Is that all?" she asked.

"That is all, my love."

"I don't like the speech," said she.

"Oh, Miriam!" cried Louisa, who had been listening intently instead of going on with her translation. "Don't like it? Now *I* think it is beautiful."

"And what is it my volunteer critic disapproves of?" said Devigne. "I shall have no chance with the public after this."

"I don't like the *sentiments*, papa," replied Miriam. "If I had been Isidora, I should have said something very different, I think. I should have accepted my lover, for all his Rogal State, his splendour, and his jewels. The peasant girl, if she had possessed intellect as well as heart, energy as well as affection, might have soon rendered herself worthy of the Crown Prince. And then, with respect to the scornful smiles and proud rebukes of the ladies and gentlemen of the court, I think Donna Isidora might easily have contrived to use her position so as to punish condignly such sad misbehaviour. Why, here was a magnificent prospect opening before her. Fortune, taking her by the hand, showed her not only her lover at her feet, but the way to reach, through him, the very pinnacle of worldly ambition. Not love in a cottage, but in a palace. Not the wedding wreath of simple flowers, but a jewelled crown. Not the rush-strewn floor, the deal table, and the ricketty chair, but the velvet-covered dais, and the throne! Yet she—silly thing—must be frightened at all this, and positively reject the power and splendour placed within her reach, throwing away her lover at the same time. Really, I think such a girl merits nought but the scorn and contempt it appears she was afraid to incur."

"Miriam," said Louise, "if any one offered to raise *you* so far above your station—to surround *you* with such unaccustomed splendours and luxuries—to render *you* liable to secret hate, and half-concealed contempt for conscious short-comings—would you be willing to encounter such a lot, for the mere gratification of ambition?"

"No," said Miriam, with animation; "but if all the splendour on earth were offered to me by one I loved, I would accept it willingly for the affection I bore him, and set at defiance the hate and contempt of the whole world!"

"A brave sentiment, assuredly," said Devigne, patting his daughter's cheek, "but I trust Miriam will never be placed in a position to call for the display of such tremendous courage. Louise, you do not agree with your sister?"

"May I never be tempted, father. I am as timid as the low-born damsel in the play."

"Suppose the lover offered only poverty, an ignoble calling, and a humble mind?" suggested Devigne, turning again to his elder daughter.

"I might wish to rise, father, but should not desire to descend," she answered. "Why ask me such questions? Neither prince nor peer will fall to my lot; and I am not one of those foolish girls, who think love no longer true if its course run smooth, and who regard an attachment as all the more romantic if worldly prudence forbid it, and the clouds of coming trials lour in the distance. Could my heart be won by the poor and mean, it would not shrink from any sacrifice such conquest might demand. But I hope it is proof against any unworthy surrender."

Louise sighed. One she knew had already, in vain, offered an ingenuous mind, a warm heart, and an almost empty purse, at the proud shrine of Miriam's beauty. If he had been rich and of high position, would Miriam have refused him? The younger sister chased away the ungenerous thought almost as soon as it entered her mind. Who shall divine the hidden springs from which love gushes forth in woman's heart?

"Now run away to your beds, my children," said Devigne: "I declare it's past 12 o'clock; and you've I know not how much to do in the morning."

The girls pleaded to be allowed to remain; but their father insisted upon their retiring, so they kissed him tenderly, and left the room.

The writer went on with his work. After finishing a few pages, however, he threw himself back in his chair, looked hard at the sleepless eyes in the picture, and seemed to be turning over in his mind events that had long past—events living now only in the pale light of memory, but nevertheless still clear and distinct.

"She is very like her mother," he said half aloud; *very* like. But her eyes are darker, I think; and she is of quicker temperament, and more aspiring. May God bless both my darlings, and preserve them from the dangers and trials of life! I shall be surprised if Miriam do not marry well. It will be 'well,' in the worldly sense: and God grant not ill in other respects. Yet I shall ever be anxious about her. And how quickly the time flies! In a few days more they will be gone, and I shall be left alone—Ah! ye who write of the pleasures of solitude, would you celebrate the joys of that waste which the departure of the dear and cherished leaves in the desolate soul? It is the solitude of solitudes!"

Selections and Translations.

FABLIAUX.

Love in the Olden Time.*

Whoever would wish to hear good verses
Of the conduct of the old curmudgeon,
Of two fair young children,
Nicolete and Ancasins,
Of the great toil he endured,
And the prowess he displayed
For his mistress of the bright visage.
Of them is the lay, fair is the story
And courteous, and well put together.
No man is there so astonied,
So doleful or embarrassed,
Or afflicted with sore disease,
Who, if he hear it, will not be cured,
And filled with delight,
So exceeding pleasant is it.

Now they Speak and Recite and Fable.

The Count Bougars of Valence made war against the Count Garins of Biancaire, so great and marvellous and mortal, that there was not a single cloudy day but that he was before at the gates and walls and barriers of the town, with a hundred Knights and ten thousand followers on foot and on horseback, with whom he harassed his country, laid waste his lands, and slew his men. The Count Garins of Biancaire was old and feeble, and had out-lived his time. He had no heir, neither son nor daughter, excepting only one young man, who was such an one as I shall tell you. Ancasins was the youth's name. He was fair and gentle and tall and well formed as to his legs and feet, his arms and body. His hair was fair, and hung in short curls, and his eyes were laughing and ever changing in hue. The expression of his face was bright and prepossessing, his nose high and well placed, and so strongly was he characterised with good qualities, that he had none bad, but only good. But he was surprised (caught unawares) by love, who conquers all, so that he would not be a Knight, nor don his armour, nor go to tournaments, nor do any thing that he ought to do. His father and his mother said to him, "Son, put on your armour, mount

* Amours du bon vieux temps, is the name given by M. de Sainte Palaye to his translation of this unique fabliau.

your horse, defend your lands, and aid your men: if they saw you among them, they would better defend their persons and possessions, and your lands and mine."

"Father," replied Ancasins, "why speak you of this? Never has God bestowed upon me any thing that I have prayed of him. Even were I to become a Knight, I would not mount my horse, nor go to combat, or battle, where I might encounter Knights, or any other folk, unless you give me Nicolete, my sweet mistress, whom I so fondly love." "Son," answered his father, "this cannot be. Leave Nicolete in peace, for she is a captive who was brought from strange lands, and the Viscount of this city purchased her from the Saracens, and brought her hither. And he has brought her up, and has baptized her, and made her his god-daughter. And one of these days he will give unto her a bachelor who will earn bread for her with honor. But with this you have nothing to do. And if you wish to have a wife, I will bestow on you the daughter of a King, or of a Count. There is no man in France so rich, but that you shall have his daughter, if you wish it." "Alas! father," cried Ancasins, "what honor is there in all the earth so high, but if Nicolete my most sweet mistress possessed it, would be well borne by her? Were she Empress of Constantinople or Germany, or Queen of France or England, it would be too little for her, so frank, courteous and debonair is she, and so marked with all good traits."

Here they Sing.

Ancasins was of Biancaire,
Of a castle of goodly form.
From Nicolete, the well made,
No man could draw him away,
For that he wished his father would yield her to him,
And his mother threatens him!
"Ah! my son, what is this that you would do!
Nicolete is prudent and gay,
But she was cast hither from Carthage,
And was bought of a Saracen.
Since you wish to attach yourself to a wife,
Take one of high birth."
"Mother, I can do no otherwise than I do;
Nicolete is debonair;
Her graceful form and beauteous face,
Her beauty fascinate my heart,
And it is only just that I should love her,
So sweet and gentle is she.

Here they Speak and Recite and Fable.

When the Count Garins of Biancaire saw that he could not withdraw his son Ancasins from his love for Nicolete, he sent to the Viscount of the city, who was his liege-man, and summoned him. "Sir Count, take away Nicolete, your god-daughter. Cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for through her do I lose Ancasins, who will not be a Knight, or do any thing that he ought to do. And know well that if I have her in my power, I will burn her in a fire, and you too may fear for yourself." "Sire," answered the Viscount, "it grieves me that he comes to and fro and speaks with her. I purchased her with my own money, and brought her up, and baptized

her, and made her my god-daughter. And I would have given to her a bachelor who should have earned bread for her honorably—and with this your son Aucasins would have nothing to do. But since such is your good will and pleasure, I will send her away into a country and land where he will never behold her with his eyes." "Well, look to yourself," replied the Count Garins, "for great evil may perchance alight upon you." Then they parted. Now the Viscount was an exceeding rich man, and he had a fine palace, which stood in a garden. In a high chamber of a very high story he placed Nicolete, and with her an old woman to keep her company, and for society, and in it he put bread and meat and wine, and all that was necessary for them. Then he sealed the door so that no one could any way enter in, or come out, except only that there was a very small window towards the garden by which they received a little air.

Here they Sing.

Nicole is in prison placed,
In a vaulted chamber,
Which was contrived with great cunning;
Painted
At the marble window
The maiden leaned out.
Her locks were flaxen,
And well formed her eye-brows:
Her face clear and attractive.
A fairer damsel you never beheld.
She looked out into the garden,
And beheld the rose in full bloom,
And heard the chirruping of the birds:
Then she exclaimed against her orphan state,
"Woe's me! Alas! me miserable!
Why am I put in prison?
Sir youth Aucasins,
Long time past am I your friend,
And you do not hate me;
For your sake am I kept in prison,
In this vaulted chamber,
Where I shall lead a most wretched life.
But by God the son of Mary,
I will not long remain here
If I can do otherwise.

Then they Speak and Recite and Fable.

Nicolete was confined in the chamber as you have just heard and understood. The rumour and noise of it went through all the land and all the region that Nicolete was lost. Some said that she had fled away out of the country, and others said that the Count Garins of Biancaire had put her to death. Whoever else rejoiced at this, Aucasins was not pleased, but went to the Viscount of the city, and said unto him, "Sir Viscount, what have you done with Nicolete, my very sweet mistress, the thing in all the world that I loved the most? Have you taken her away and stolen her from me? Know well that if I die of it, an account will be demanded at your hands as is most just, for you will have slain me with your two hands, in that you have carried off

the thing I most loved in this world." "Fair Sir," replied the Count, "let be. Nicolete is a poor creature I brought from foreign lands. I purchased her with my own money of the Saracens. I reared her and baptized her and made her my goddaughter. I have nourished her and will bestow her one of these days on a bachelor who shall gain bread for her with honor: with this you have nothing to do: but take the daughter of a King or of a Count. But little would you have profited had you made her your dame, and placed her in your bed, for all the days of this life your soul would be in Hell, and never would you enter into Paradise." "What have I to do with Paradise? I seek not to enter there, but to have Nicolete, my very sweet mistress, whom I so dearly love. Into Paradise there go only such folk as I will tell you; thither go the old Priests, and the lame and the maimed, who all day and all night spit before the altars and among the old tombs, and who wear worn-out hoods and tattered old garments, and who are naked and unshod, and who are dying of thirst and cold and discomfort. These are they who go into Paradise, with such I have nought to do, but rather will I descend into Hell; for into Hell descend fair Clerks and valiant knights, who have fallen in tournaments and great wars, and faithful followers and free-hearted men. With such will I rather go, and with them go also fair courteous dames, who have two or three lovers besides their husbands—and thither goes all the gold and silver and minever; and also harpers and minstrels and the Kings of this world; with these I would rather go, so that I have Nicolete, my very sweet mistress, with me." "Certes," replied the Viscount, "to no purpose will you speak of it, for never shall you behold her; and were you to speak to her, and your father came to know it, he would burn both myself and her with a fire, and you too might have great fear." "This sore afflicts me," quoth Ancasins. Then he parted from the Viscount, grieving at heart.

Now they Sing.

Ancasins turned away,
Much afflicted and depressed
For his mistress with the bright face:
No one could comfort him,
Or give him good advice.
Towards the palace he went,
And ascended the stairs,
Into a chamber he entered
And began to weep
And to indulge in great lamentation,
And to regret the loss of his mistress.
"Nicolete, fair to remain,
Fair to come and fair to go,
Pleasant delight and gentle to speech,
Pleasant to prattle and pleasant to sport,
Pleasant to kiss, pleasant to embrace,
For your sake am I thus grieved,
And so hardly treated,
That I scarcely think to survive it
Dear sweet friend."

Now they Speak and Recite and Fable.

Whilst Ancasins was in the chamber, and bewailed Nicolete his mistress, the Count Bougars of Valence who had to terminate his war, was

not unmindful of himself, but summoned all his men, both foot and horse. And he went to the castle and raised his war-cry and shout, and the knights and the serving men armed themselves and repaired to the gates and walls, to defend the castle. And the townsfolk mounted the galleries of the walls, and threw down javelins and sharpened stakes. What time the assault was at its height, the Count Garins of Biancaire entered the chamber where Ancasins was bewailing and mourning Nicolete, his very sweet mistress whom he so fondly loved. "Ha, my son," he cried, "what a wretched and unhappy father do you behold. They assault your castle, the strongest and the best, and if you lose it, know well that you will be without inheritance. My son, take now your arms and mount on horseback and defend our lands, aid your men and go into battle, for never yet have you struck down any man. Your men, if they see you among them, will better defend their goods and their persons, your lands and mine, and you are so tall and strong that you can well do it, and do it you ought." "Father," said Ancasins, "why do you speak thus? Never has God granted unto me aught that I have asked of him. Even were I a knight, I would not mount my steed, nor go into battle, to strike down knights and other men, unless you give me Nicolete, my sweet mistress, whom I so fondly love." "Son," replied the father, "this cannot be. I would rather allow myself to be deprived of my heritage, and lose all that I have, than that you should have her for your wedded spouse." So he turned away, and when Ancasins saw that he was going, he called him back. "Father," cried Ancasins, come back. "I will make a covenant with you." "And what, fair son?" "I will take my arms and go into battle, on condition that if God bring me back safe and sound, you shall let me see Nicolete, my sweet mistress, so that I may speak to her two or three words, and may kiss her once." "I agree to it," answered the father. He promises, but means to deceive Ancasins.

Here they Sing.

Ancasins thought of the kiss he would have on his return,
With a hundred thousand marks of purest gold
They would not have made him so joyful:
He put on instantly armour of steel,
He put on a double hauberk,
And laced his helmet on his head,
He girded on a sword with handle of pure gold,
And mounted his charger,
And took his shield and his lance,
And he looked to his feet,
And placed them well into stirrups,
And a marvellous bold face he put upon it.
His thoughts were of his mistress,
As he spurred his charger.
Most readily he rushed,
Straight to the gate and joined the battle.

Here they Speak and Narrate.

Ancasins armed himself and mounted his charger, as you have heard and understood. Heavens! How he carried his shield round his neck, and his helmet on his head, and fitted his sword on his left hip! And the young man was tall and strong, and handsome and of gentle blood, and

well formed, and the horse on which he sat was swift and powerful, and the young man skilfully managed him in the gate. Deem not that he thought of taking oxen, or cows, or goats, or of smiting knights or other folk: no, not at all, not once did he think of it, but so much did he think of Nicolete, his sweet mistress, that he forgot the bridle and all that he ought to do; and the horse, when he felt the spurs, bore him away into the press of battle. And he was carried into the midst of the enemy, and they thrust out their hands on all sides, and took him prisoner. And they deprived him of his shield and lance, and led him away in haste, and already began to talk of the kind of death he must suffer, and Ancasins overheard them. "Ha! Heavens," he exclaimed, "sweet Creator, are these my mortal enemies, who are leading me away, and who are about to cut off my head; and when my head shall have been cut off, never more shall I speak to Nicolete, my sweet mistress, whom I so fondly love? I have yet a good sword, and sit on a good steed, refreshed with long rest." The young man was tall and strong, and the horse he bestrode was full of life, and he clapped his hand to his sword, and began right and left to hack at helmets, and laid on wrist and arm, and brought them to bay around him, like the wild boar, when the dogs assail him in the forest. And he struck down ten of their knights and wounded seven, and forced his way in an instant through the press, and returned back at a gallop, with sword in hand. The Count Bougars of Valence had said that he would hang his enemy Ancasins, if he took him, and Ancasins recognized him, and grasped his sword in his hand, and smote him full on the helmet. He was thereat so astonied that he fell on the ground, and stretched out his hand to Ancasins, who took him, and led him away by the nose-piece of his casque, and delivered him up to his father. "Father," said Ancasins, behold your enemy, who has so long warred upon you, and has wrought so much harm. Twenty years has this war lasted, and never before could it be finished by any man." "Fair son," answered the father, "you ought to do deeds worthy of your youth, and not aspire after folly." "Father," replied Ancasins, "do not go on sermonizing me, but fulfil your covenant with me." "Ha! what covenant, fair son?" "What! father, have you forgotten it? By my head, forget it who may, that never will I, but firmly do I retain it in my heart. Did you not promise that if I took up arms, and went into battle, that you would allow me to behold Nicolete, my sweet friend, so as to speak to her two or three words, and to kiss her once; this was our covenant, and I mean you to keep to it." "I understand you," said his father. May God desert me if I keep my covenant with you, and were she here, I would burn her with fire, and you also may perchance have cause to fear." "Is that all?" asked Ancasins. "So help me heaven!" said his father, "yes." "Certes," continued Ancasins, "I am much grieved that a man of your age should prove false. Count of Valence," he added, "did I not take you?" "Sir, in good sooth you did," the Count truly answered. "Give me your hand," said Ancasins. "Willingly, Sir," and he placed his hand in his. "Promise me this," Ancasins went on to say, "that never, when you have an opportunity and power of molesting my father, or of injuring his person or goods, will you omit to do it." "Sir, I intreat you," he replied, "do not mock at me, but receive me to ransom. You cannot demand gold or silver, horses or palfreys, minever or other fur, hounds or hawks, that I will not give you." "How is this," cried Ancasins, "did you not acknowledge that you were my prisoner?" "Sir, yes," replied Count Bougars. "May Heaven desert me," resumed Ancasins, "if I do not make your head fly off, if you do not promise me this." "In God's name," said the other, "I promise

whatever you please." So he promised it, and Ancasins made him mount on horseback, and he himself mounted another horse, and escorted him until he was in safety.

Here they Sing.

When the Count Garins saw
With respect to his son Ancasins,
That he could not wean himself
From Nicolete, with the bright visage,
He put him into a prison,
In an underground cellar,
Which was built with grey marble.
When Ancasins came thither,
He was more doleful than ever he was.
He began to rave,
As you shall hear :
"Nicolete, lilly flower,
Sweet friend with the bright face,
Sweeter art thou than the grape,
Or soup in golden basins.
The other day I saw a pilgrim,
A native of the Limousin,
Who was sick of the epilepsy,
And laid in a bed,
For he was sore afflicted,
And grievously diseased.
Thou passed before his bed,
And lifted up thy cloak,
And thy ermine robe,
And thy chemise of white linen,
So that he saw thy ancle :
The pilgrim was healed,
And made whole ; more so than ever :
And he arose out of bed,
And returned into his own country,
Sound and safe, and completely cured.
Sweet friend, flower of the lilly,
Pleasant to come, and pleasant to go,
Pleasant to sport, pleasant to prattle,
Pleasant to speak and pleasant delight,
Sweet kisses and sweet breath,
No one could ever hate you.
For your sake am I put in prison,
In this underground cellar,
Where I am tending to a sad end,
For it behoves me to die,
For you, sweet friend."

Now they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

Ancasins was put in prison, as you have heard and understood, and Nicolete on her part in the chamber. This was in the summer season, in the month of May, when the days are hot, long, and bright, and the nights are calm and peaceable. Nicolete was lying one night on her bed, and she saw the moon shining brightly through a window, and she

heard the nightingale singing in the garden; then she thought of Ancasins, her friend, whom she so fondly loved. And she began to think of the Count Garins of Biancaire, who mortally hated her. And she resolved not to remain there until she was tracked out, and the Count Garins came to know of it, for he would put her to an evil death. She perceived that the old woman who was with her slept. Then she arose, and dressed herself in a mantle of silk, which she possessed, very fine. And she took the sheets of her bed, and her towels, and tied them together, and made a cord as long as she could, and fastened it to the pillar of the window, and so let herself down into the garden, and held her garments by one hand in front, and by the other behind, and tucked them up by reason of the dew which she saw thick upon the grass, and thus she proceeded down the garden. She had flaxen hair, closely curling, eyes laughing, and ever changing in hue, a prepossessing face, a nose high and well placed, lips more vermillion than cherry or rose in the season of summer, and teeth white and small. Her breasts were firm and raised her dress like two nuts, and she was so slender in the waist, that you could encircle her with your two hands. The daisy flowers she crushed with the toes of her feet, when placed on the top of her instep, were downright black, when compared with her feet and legs—so fair was the damsel. So she came to the postern, and unfastened it, and went out into the streets of Biancaire, keeping to the shade, for the moon shone out brightly; and she wandered until she came to the tower, where her lover was confined. The tower was rent in places, and she sat down beside one of the columns. And she wrapped herself closely in her mantle, and thrust her head into a hole in the tower, which was old and ruinous, and she beheld Ancasins within weeping, and making much lamentation, and deploring the loss of his sweet mistress, whom he so fondly loved; and when she had listened enough, she began to say:—

THIS IS SUNG.

Nicolete with the bright face,
Leaned against a pillar,
And heard Ancasins weeping,
And lamenting his mistress.
Then she spoke, and uttered her thoughts
"Ancasins, gentle and noble,
Frank, honorable youth,
What avails you to rave,
To bewail and to weep,
Since you will never possess me,
For your father hates me,
And so do all your kinsfolk,
For your sake I will cross the sea,
And will pass into other kingdoms."
Then she cut off some of her hair,
And threw it in to him.
Ancasins, the baron, took them,
And much he honored them,
And kissed and embraced them,
And placed them next in his breast.
Then he began to weep afresh,
All for his lady love.

Here they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

When Ancasins heard Nicolete say that she was going into another land, there was in him nothing but angry sorrow. "Fair, sweet friend," he cried, "you shall not go, for then you will kill me, and the first who shall see you, and have power over you, will straightway seize upon you, and put you in his bed. * * * And after you have laid in any man's bed, except mine own, think not that I will wait longer than to find a knife, with which I may stab myself to the heart and perish. Nay truly, I will not wait so long, but will rush forward as soon as I find a mass of ruins, or a grey stone, against which I will dash my head so rudely, that I will make the eyes start out, and will utterly brain myself: much rather would I die such a death than know that you laid in any man's bed, save mine own." "Ancasins," said she, "I do not believe that you love me as much as you say: but I love you more than you do me." "Alas!" replied Ancasins, "fair sweet friend, it cannot be that you love me as much as I do you. Woman cannot love man, as man loves woman; for woman's love is in her eye ****, and in the toe of her foot, but man's love is planted in the heart, whence it cannot be rooted out." Whilst Ancasins and Nicolete were speaking together, the watch of the town came down the street. And they had their swords drawn under their cloaks, for the Count Garins had commanded them, if they took her, to put her to death, and the watchman, who was on the tower, saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete, and knew that they sought her to slay her. "God!" he exclaimed, "it would be great pity to slay so fair a maiden, and it would be great charity if I could tell her, so that they might see their danger, and she might guard against it, for if they slay her, Ancasins, my young lord, will die, which would be grievous pity."

This is Sung.

The watchman was very valiant,
Hardy and courteous, and well instructed,
And he began a song
That was pleasant and suitable.
"Maiden with the open heart,
Your form is graceful and elegant,
Your locks fair and lovely,
Changing are your eyes, and smiling your countenance;
Well do I see it by your appearance!
You have spoken to your lover
Who is dying for you.
I tell you this, and do you understand it,
Beware of the soldiers
Who are in search of you,
With naked brands under their cloaks;
Firmly they go with threats against you,
Soon they will do you injury,
If you do not take care of yourself."

Here they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

"Ah!" cried Nicolete, "may the soul of thy father and mother be in blessed repose, since you have so fairly and courteously told me this. If it please God, I will take care of myself, and may heaven also preserve

me." She wrapped herself in her mantle, and stood in the shadow of the pillar until they had gone by. Then she took leave of Aucasins, and walked away until she reached the walls of the castle. The wall was broken down and had been repaired, and she mounted to the top, and contrived so that she got between the wall and the ditch. And when she looked down and saw the moat so deep and so steep, she had great fear. "Ha! God!" she exclaimed, "if I let myself fall, I shall break my neck, but if I remain here, they will take me, and to-morrow I shall be burned with fire. Much rather would I die here, than that all the people should gaze at me to-morrow, as at a show." She made the sign of the cross on her head, she let herself slide down into the moat, and when she reached the bottom, her lovely feet and fair hands that had never learned to suffer, were bruised and torn, and the blood streamed out through a dozen places, and yet she felt neither pain nor inconvenience, owing to the great fear she had. And if she had trouble to enter, she had still greater to make her way out. She thought within herself that it would not do to tarry there, and she found a sharpened stake which those within had thrown out in defending the castle. With this she mounted step by step with great toil until she reached the top. Now there was a forest within two bowshots, which extended fully thirty leagues in length and breadth. In it were wild beasts and serpents. And she feared that if she entered it, they would kill her. But again she reflected that if she were found there, she would be led back into the city to be burned.

Here they Sing.

Nicolete with the bright face,
Had mounted the moat,
When she began to rave,
And to call on the name of Jesus.
"Father, King of Majesty,
I know not which way to go.
If I go into the leafy wood,
The wolves will devour me,
And the lions and the wild boars,
Of which there are many;
And if I await the light of day,
So that they find me here,
The fire will be kindled
With which my body shall be burned;
But by the God of Majesty,
Far rather would I
That the wolves should devour me,
The lions and the wild boars,
Than that I should go into the city:
Thither will I never go."

Now they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

Nicolete wildly raved as you have heard. Then she commended herself to God, and wandered until she had come to the forest. She dared not however enter it for fear of the savage beasts and serpents. So she concealed herself in a thick bush, and sleep fell upon her, and she slept until the hour of Primes on the morrow, when the shepherds came out of the town, and drove their beasts between the wood and

the river. They themselves retired to a fair fountain that was at the head of the forest, and they spread out a cloak, and placed their bread upon it. While they were eating, Nicolete awoke with the chirruping of birds and the voices of the shepherds, and she rushed towards them. "Fair sons," she exclaimed, "may the Lord God help you." "God bless you," replied one who was more ready of speech than the others. "Fair sons," she asked, "do you know Aucasins, the son of the Count Garins of Biancaire?" "Yes, we know him well." "So God help you," she continued, "as you tell him that there is a wild beast in this forest, and that he must come and hunt it. And if he succeed in catching it, he would not give a limb of it for a hundred marks of gold, nor for five hundred, nor for any sum." Then they looked at her, and when they saw how beautiful she was, they were all amazed. "I will tell him," said he, who was the most ready of speech; "evil to him who shall speak of it, or tell him—it is false what you say, that there is so precious a beast in this forest, for there is neither stag, nor lion, nor wild boar, a limb of which would be worth more than two or three deniers at the outside: and yet you speak of so great a sum—there will be ill-luck to him who believes you, or shall tell this; you are a fairy, and we have no wish for your company, so hold on your way." "Ha! fair sons," she rejoined, "you will do what I ask: the beast has a medicine which will cure Aucasins of his pain, and I have here five sols in my purse, take them, and tell him that within three days he must hunt it, and if in two or three days he does not find it, he will never be healed of his malady!" "By my faith," answered he, "we will take your money, and if he comes this way, we will tell him, but we will not go to seek him." "In God's name," said she. Then she took leave of the shepherds, and went away.

THIS IS SUNG.

Nicolete with the bright face
Parted from the shepherds.
She directed her steps
Right through the thickest brushwood,
Along a very old and antique path,
Until she came to a way
Where this path branched out
For those passing into the country.
She began to consider within herself
What her lover would essay, (suffer)
If he loved her as much as he said.
She gathered the flowers of the lily
And of the herb Garcis,
And likewise some leaves,
With which she made a fair bower—
More elegant never man saw—
And she swore by God, who cannot lie,
That if Aucasins come that way,
And for the love he bears to her,
Do not repose in it a while,
He shall not be her lover,
Nor she his mistress.

HERE THEY SPEAK AND RECITE AND NARRATE.

Nicolete had made the bower, as you have heard and understood, very fair and elegant, and lined it well within and without with leaves

and flowers. Then she betook herself into a thick bush beside the bower, to know what Aucasins would do. And a rumour and noise went abroad through all the land, and through all the country, that Nicolete was lost. Some said that she had fled, others said that the Count Garins had caused her to be put to death. Whoever else rejoiced, Aucasins was not joyful, though the Count Garins his father had him brought out of prison. And he invited the knights of the land and the damsels, that he might hold great festivities, because that he hoped thus to comfort his son Aucasins. Although the fête was very fully attended, Aucasins leaned against a pillar, doleful and listless. Whatever extravagances there might be, Aucasins had no joy or taste for such things, for he saw nothing of what he loved. A knight looked at him, and went up to him, and addressed him: "Aucasins," said he, "I have suffered as much woe as you now do. I will give you good counsel, if you will listen to me." "Sir," replied Aucasins, "many thanks—I shall value good counsel." "Mount on horseback," he rejoined, "and go, disport yourself in yon forest. There you will see the flowers and the grass, and will hear the birds sing. Perchance you will hear something that will do you good." "Sir," said Aucasins, "many thanks—I will do so." Then he stole out of the hall, and went down the steps, and came to the stable where his horse was kept. And he caused the saddle and bridle to be put on, and placed his foot in the stirrup, and mounted, and went forth of the castle. And he wandered on till he came to the forest, and rode away until he reached the fountain, and found the shepherds at the hour of noon. They had spread out a cloak on the grass, and were eating their bread, and making great cheer.

This is Sung.

There were assembled the shepherds
Esmerés and Martinés,
Fruclius and Johanés,
Robecons and Aubriés;
One of them said, "Fair friends,"
God help Aucasinet,
In truth a goodly youth:
The maiden with the slim figure,
Who had the auburn eyes,
Who gave us money,
With which we will buy cakes,
Sheaths and knives,
Flutes and bag-pipes, and pipes:
God preserve her!

Here they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

When Aucasins heard the shepherds, he bethought him of Nicolete, his very sweet mistress, whom he so fondly loved; and he guessed that she had been there. And he clapped spurs to his steed, and came up to the shepherds. "Fair sons, God help you." "God bless you," replied he, who was the most ready of speech. "Fair sons," said he, "repeat the song you were singing just now." "We will not repeat it," said he who was the most ready of speech: "Evil befall him who shall sing it to you, fair sir." "Fair sons," asked Aucasins, "do you know me?" "Yes, we well know that you are Aucasins, our young lord, but we do not belong to you, for we are the Count's men." "Fair sons, I pray you, do it."

"Why should I sing for you, if it does not suit me. Since there is no man in this country so rich, except the Court of the Count Garins; if he found my oxen or my cows, or my sheep in his meadows, were there ever so many, who would be hardy enough to hunt them, unless he would lose his eyes: why then should I sing for you, if it does not suit me?"

"So God help you, fair sons, you will do it—and here, take these ten sous, which I have here in a purse." "Sir, we will take the money, but I will not sing to you, for so have I sworn; but I will recite it to you if you will." "In God's name," quoth Ancasins, "I would rather that you recited than nothing." "Sir, we were here between the hours of prime and tierce, and were eating our bread at this fountain, as we are now doing, and a maiden came to us, the fairest creature in the world, so that we thought it was a fairy, and all this wood was lighted up by her. She gave us so much, that we promised her if you came this way, we would tell you that you should hunt in this forest, for there is a beast in it which if you can take, you would not give one of its limbs for five hundred marks of silver, or for any other sum; for the beast has such a medicine that if you can catch it, you will be healed of your malady, and within three days it behoves you to take it; and if you have not then caught it, never will you see it. So hunt it if you will—and if you will, let it alone, for I have now acquitted myself towards her." "Fair sons," answered Ancasins, "you have said enough, and may God enable me to find her."

This is Sung.

Ancasins heard the words
Of his mistress with the graceful form,
Deeply they entered into him.
Quickly he parted from the shepherds,
And plunged into the thickest of the wood;
His charger ambled swiftly,
And bore him stoutly at a gallop.
Then he spoke, and uttered these words;
"Nicolete with the graceful form,
For your sake am I come into the wood,
I am hunting neither stag nor boar,
But I follow your traces;
I wish to behold your eyes and graceful form,
Your laughing smile, and your soft voice
Have wounded my heart to death:
    If it please God the mighty Father,
    I shall see you again,
    Dear sweet friend."

Here they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

Ancasins went through the forest in search of Nicolete, and his steed carried him at a rapid pace. Deem not that the briers and thorns spared him in no way, for they tore his clothes so that he could hardly fasten them around him, and the blood poured out of his arms and sides and legs in thirty or forty places, so that afterwards the youth could follow the track of the blood that fell upon the grass. But his mind was so fixed on Nicolete, his sweet mistress, that he felt neither pain nor sorrow, but rode on all day so far into the forest that nothing was heard of him; and when he saw the evening star appear, he be-

gan to weep because he had not found her. Along a grassy path he rode, and looked before him in the middle of the way, and beheld a young man such as I shall tell you. He was tall and wondrous to look upon, and ugly and hideous. He had a huge head darker than smoked meat, and between his eyes was a full hand's breadth. And he had enormous cheeks and a monstrous flat nose, with large wide nostrils, and his immense lips were redder than burning coals, and his great teeth were yellow and ugly. And he was shod with gaiters and shoes of bullock's hide fastened with packthread reaching to the knee. And he was wrapped in a cloak with two wrong sides, and he leaned on a huge club. Ancasins hastened up to him, and had great fear when he beheld him near at hand. "Fair brother, God aid you." "God bless you," he answered. "So God help you, what are you doing here?" "What matters that to you?" "Nothing," rejoined Ancasins, "and I ask it, meaning no harm." "But why do you weep," asked the other, "and make such lamentation? Certes, if I were as rich a man as you, all the world should not make me weep." "Bah, do you know me then?" inquired Ancasins. "Yes, I well know that you are Ancasins, the son of the Count, and if you tell me why you weep, I will tell you what I do here." "Certes," replied Ancasins, "I will tell you very willingly. I came here this morning to hunt in this forest, and had with me a white grey hound, the finest in the world. Him I have lost, and therefore do I weep." "Do you weep then for a worthless hound. Evil befall him who shall ever esteem you since there is not so rich a man in this land. If your father were to demand ten, fifteen, or twenty, he would have them only too readily, and people would be too glad to give them. But I have reason to weep and to moan." "You! and why?" "Sir, brother, I will tell you. I was hired by a rich countryman, and drove his team, for he had four oxen. Now three days ago there happened to me a sad misadventure, for I lost the best of my oxen, Roget, the best of my team, and I go about seeking him. I have not eaten or drank for three days past, and I dare not go into the town, for they would put me in prison, because I have not wherewithal to pay. Of all the riches in the world I am not worth more than you see on my body. A wretched mother have I, who was possessed only of a small under-garment, and they have taken it off her back, so that she lies merely on the straw. For her I grieve more than for myself; for riches come and go; if I lose to-day I shall gain another time, and I will catch my bullock when I can, and yet for this I don't weep. But you wept for a filthy dog. Evil befall him who shall ever esteem you."——"Certes, fair brother, you are of so stout a heart, that you may well be blest. What was the value of your bullock?" "Sir, they demand from me twenty sous. I cannot make them abate a single *maille*," *(i. e. half a denier)*. "Well, take these twenty sous which I have in my purse," said Ancasins, "and make good your bullock." "Sir," he replied, "many thanks, and may God grant you to find what you seek." And so he parted from him. And Ancasins rode on. The night was calm and beautiful, and he wandered about till he came, * * * without and within, above it and in front were flowers, it could not possibly be more beautiful. When Ancasins perceived it, he stopped suddenly, and the moon beams played within. "O God," cried Ancasins, "Nicolete my sweet mistress has been here, and she made this with her own fair hands. By reason of her gentleness, and for the love I bear her, I will here dismount, and rest during the night." He drew his foot out of the stirrup to get down, but the horse was tall and high, and he thought so much of Nicolete, his very sweet mistress, that he fell heavily on a stone, and pushed his shoulder out of the socket. He felt that he was much hurt, but he ex-

erted himself as much as he could, and with the other hand fastened his horse to a thorn. Then he turned on his side and crawled into the bower, and laid on his back. And he looked through a hole and beheld the stars and the sky, and one star shone brighter than the others, and he began to say.

THIS IS SUNG.

"Little star I behold
How the moon draws you to herself;
Nicolete must be with you,
My love with the flaxen hair.
I believe that God wills it
For the beauty of * * *

However far I might fall down again,
If I were up there with you,
I would embrace you closely;
Were I son to a king,
You would worthily sit beside me,
Dear sweet friend."

HERE THEY SPEAK AND RECITE AND NARRATE.

When Nicolete heard Aucasins, she came to him, for she was not far away. She entered the bower, and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed and embraced him. "Fair sweet friend, you are well found." "And you also, fair sweet mistress." They kissed and embraced each other, and great was their joy. "Ha! sweet friend," cried Aucasins, I was much hurt in the shoulder, but now I feel neither pain nor sorrow since I have you." She felt and found that his shoulder was out of place, and she handled it so well with her fair hands, and brought it about—for so willed the Deity who favours lovers—that it returned to its place, and then she took flowers and fresh grass, and green leaves, and she bandaged it on in the flap of her chemise, and he was made whole. "Aucasins," quoth she, "fair sweet friend, take counsel what you will do. If your father to-morrow cause this forest to be searched, and they find me—whatever may become of you, they will put me to death." "Certes, fair sweet mistress, I should be much grieved; but if I can, they shall never hold you." And he mounted his horse, and took his mistress before him, kissing and embracing her. Thus they came into the open plains.

THIS IS SUNG.

Aucasins the fair, the handsome,
The gentle, the enamoured,
Went forth of the recesses of the forest,
Between his arms his mistress,
Before him on his saddle bow.
He kissed her eyes and her brow,
And her mouth and her chin.
She re-called him to himself:
"Aucasins, fair sweet friend,

Into what land shall we go?"
"Sweet mistress, what do I know?
It matters not to me whither we go,
Into forest or bye-lane,
So that I am with you."
They passed mountains and valleys,
Cities and towns,
And with the dawn came to the sea,
And they got down on the sand,
Beside the shore.

THEY NOW SPEAK AND RECITE AND NARRATE.

Ancasins dismounted together with his lady love, as you have heard and understood. He held his horse by the bridle and his mistress by the hand: and they began to move along the shore. * * * He made a sign to them and they came to him. And he did so that they took him into their ship, and when they had come into the open sea, a marvellously fierce storm arose and drove them from land to land, until they arrived in a strange country, and entered the port of the castle of Torelore. Then he asked what land this was, and they told him that it belonged to the king of Torelore. He next inquired what sort of man he was, and if he was at war with any one. And they told him that there was a grievous war. So he took leave of the merchants, and they commended him to God. And he mounted his horse with his sword by his side, and his mistress before him, and he wandered on until he reached the castle. And he asked where was the king, and they answered him that he was in child-birth. "Where then is his wife?" And they said that she was with the army, and had led away all the men of the country. And Ancasins listened to this with wonder and came to the palace and got down, he and his mistress. And she held his horse, while he went up into the palace with his sword girt on, and he wandered about until he found the chamber where the king was lying.

THIS IS SUNG.

Into the chamber entered Ancasins,
The courteous and the gentle;
And he went up to the bed
Wherein the king was lying,
And he stood before him,
And spoke—hear what he said,
"*Diva*, coward, what do you here?"
Quoth the king, "I am in child birth,
When my month shall have been completed,
And myself quite healed,
Then shall I go to hear the mass,
As did my ancestors,
And disport myself in war
Against my enemies,
And never will I leave it."

HERE THEY SPEAK AND RECITE AND NARRATE.

When Ancasin heard the king thus speak, he pulled off all the clothes that were on him, and threw them into the chamber. He saw

a stick behind him. He took it and turned, and struck and beat him, till he was well nigh dead. "Ha! fair Sir," cried the king, "what do you want of me? Are you mad that you beat me in my own house?" "God's heart," replied Ancasins, * * * I will kill you if you do not plight me your word that never man in your land was in childbirth?" He plighted his word, and when he had done so, Ancasins said, "Sire, bring me now to where your Queen is with the host." "Sir, willingly," replied the king. He mounted a horse, and Ancasins mounted his own, and Nicolete remained in the Queen's chambers. And the king and Ancasins rode away until they came where the Queen was, and they found a battle array of apples of wood, and of eggs, and new cheeses, and Ancasins began to gaze at them, and greatly he marvelled.

This is Sung.

Ancasins came to a stand,
* * * *
And began to look
At this regular encamped array.
They had brought
Plenty of new cheeses
And apples of wood,
And large cut mushrooms.
He who most troubled them
Was hailed the most lordly.
Ancasins the hardy, the brave,
Began to look at them,
And he burst into laughter.

Here they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

When Ancasins saw this marvel, he went up to the king, and addressed him: "Sire," said Ancasins, "are these your enemies?" "Yes, sir," answered the king. "And do you wish that I should avenge you?" "Yes," quoth he, "with all my heart." And Ancasins put his hand to his sword, and rushed amongst them, and began to lay about him right and left, and killed many of them. And when the king saw that he was slaying them, he caught him by the bridle, and said: "Ha! fair Sir, do not kill them so downright." "How then," asked Ancasins, "do you wish that I should avenge you?" "Sir," answered the king, "you have done too much. It is not our custom to kill one another." And they took to flight. And the king and Ancasins repaired to the castle of Torelore, and the people of the country said to the king that he should drive Ancasins out of his land, and detain Nicolete for his son, for she seemed truly to be born of high lineage. And Nicolete heard this, and by no means was she pleased, and she began to say—

This is Sung.

"Sire, king of Torelore,"
Thus spoke the fair Nichole,
"Your people hold me for a fool,
When my sweet friend embraces me,
And feels me fat and soft,
Then whilst I am at such pastime,

Neither balls nor dances nor carols,
Harp, flute, nor rebeck,
Nor the pleasures of the *nimpole*
Have any value for me."

This is Spoken and Recited and Narrated.

Ancasins remained at the castle of Torelore with Nicolete his mistress in great comfort and delight, for he had beside him Nicolete his sweet mistress, whom he so greatly loved. Whilst he was in this great comfort and delight, a band of Saracens came by sea, and assailed the castle, and took it by force. They seized the goods, and carried off captive both men and women. They took Nicolete and Ancasins, and bound Ancasins both hand and foot, and threw him into a ship, and Nicolete into another. Then there arose a storm at sea which separated them. The ship in which Ancasins sailed was driven about on the sea until it arrived at the castle of Biancaire, and the people of the country ran down to the port, and found Ancasins and recognized him. When those of Biancaire saw their young lord, they made great joy over him, for Ancasins had been absent at the castle of Torelore three years, and his father and mother were dead. And they brought him to the castle of Biancaire, and became his men, and kept the land in peace.

This is Sung.

Ancasins is gone
To Biancaire his city:
The country and the kingdom
He kept altogether in tranquillity.
And he swore by the God of Majesty
That it grieved him more
For Nicolete with the bright visage,
Than for all his kinsfolk,
If they had come to an end.
" Sweet friend with the bright face,
I know not where to seek you,
Otherwise God has not made that realm
Either by land or by sea,
Where if I could find you there,
I would not go in quest of you !!"

Here they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

Now we will leave Ancasins, and will speak of Nicolete. The ship in which was Nicolete belonged to the king of Carthage, who was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings. When they saw Nicolete so fair, they showed her much honor, and made great rejoicing over her, and questioned her as to who she was, for truly she seemed of gentle blood and high descent: but she could not tell them who she was, for she had been taken while quite a little child. They sailed on until they came before the city of Carthage, and when Nicolete saw the walls of the castle and the country, she remembered that she had been brought up there, and taken away when a little child; but she was not so young as not to know well that she was daughter of the king of Carthage, and that she had been brought up in that city.

THIS IS SUNG.

Nicolete the prudent, the wise,
Arrived at the shore,
And beheld the walls and the houses,
The palaces and the halls,
At which she bewailed herself:
"In an evil hour was I born of high lineage,
That I should be daughter to the king of Carthage,
And cousin of Amuaffle.
They are leading me among savage people,
Ancasins, gentle and wise,
Frank young lord and honorable,
Your sweet love hurries me away,
And summons and urges me.
The God of Hope grant this,
That I may again hold you in my arms,
And that you may kiss my face,
And my mouth and my cheeks,
Noble young lord."

HERE THEY SPEAK AND RECITE AND NARRATE.

When the king of Carthage heard Nicolete thus speak, he threw his arms around her neck. "Fair sweet friend," said he, "tell me who you are; be not afraid of me." "Sire," she replied, "I am daughter to the king of Carthage, and was carried off when a little child of fifteen." When they heard her thus speak, they knew well that she spoke the truth. And they made great rejoicing over her, and brought her to the palace with much honor as the king's daughter. And they wished to give her for husband a king of Paynims, but she had no desire for marriage. There she remained three or four days. And she bethought her by what means she might find Ancasins. She procured a rebeck, and learned to play on it, until one day they proposed to marry her to a rich Paynim king. But the night before she stole away, and came to the seaport, and lodged with a poor woman near the shore. And she gathered an herb and rubbed her head and face with it, until she was quite black and stained, and she made an undercoat and a mantle, and a shirt and trousers, and thus equipped herself in the manner of a minstrel. Then she took her rebeck, and came to a mariner, and did so with him that he put her on board his ship. They hoisted their sails, and sailed over the wide sea until they reached the land of Provence, and then Nicolete went forth and took her rebeck, and went playing through the country until she came to the castle of Biancaire, where was Ancasins.

THIS IS SUNG.

At Biancaire beneath the tower
Stood Ancasins one day:
There he seated himself on a step,
Around him were his noble Barons;
He beholds the grass and the flowers,
He hears the birds singing,
He remembers his love
For Nicolete the prudent,
Whom he loved so long,

Then he gave forth sighs and tears.
Lo! Nicolete is before the steps,
She draws forth her violin, she draws forth her bow.
Then she spoke, and uttered her words:
"Listen to me, noble Barons,
You above and you below,
Would it please you to hear a song
About Aucasins, a noble Baron,
And Nicolete the prudent?
So long lasted their loves,
That he went in quest of her through a dense forest.
At Torelore, in the castle,
The Paynim took them one day:
Of Aucasins we know nothing,
But Nicolete the prudent
Is in the castle of Carthage,
For her father loves her much,
Who is Lord of that realm,
And they wish to give her for husband.

But Nicolete does not intend it,
For she loves a youth,
Whose name is Aucasins,
And she swears by God and his name,
That never she will accept a husband,
If she have not her lover,
Whom she so fondly desires."

Here they Speak and Recite and Narrate.

When Aucasins heard Nicolete thus speak, he greatly rejoiced, and he drew her to one side, and asked her: "Fair sweet friend," said Aucasins, "know you any thing of this Nicolete, of whom you have sung?" "Sir, yes, I know her to be the most noble creature, the most gentle and the most discreet, that ever was born. She is daughter to the King of Carthage, who took her when Aucasins was made prisoner, and brought her to the city of Carthage, until at last he found out that she was his daughter. Then he made much rejoicing over her, and wishes to give her for husband one of the greatest Kings of Spain; but she would rather allow herself to be hanged or burned than accept any one, let him be never so rich." "Ha! fair sweet friend," cried the Count Aucasins, "if you will return to that land and will tell her to come and speak with me, I will give you of my possessions as much as you shall dare to ask or take. And know that for love of her I will not take a wife, be she of ever so high degree, but I wait for her, and never will have a wife, save only her: and had I known where to find her, I should not now have to seek her." "Sir," she replied, "if you will do this, I will go and seek her for your sake and her own, for much do I love her." He pledged his word and gave her twenty livres. So she parted from him, and he wept to think of the gentle Nicolete; and when she saw him weep, she said: "Sir, do not grieve, for within a little I will bring her into this town, and you shall see her." And when Aucasins heard that, he greatly rejoiced, and she parted from him, and went into the town to the house of the Viscountess, for the Viscount, her godfather, was dead. She lodged there, and spoke until she had communicated to her all her history, and the Viscountess recognised her, and knew well that it was Nicolete,

whom she had brought up. And she made her wash and bathe, and rest eight whole days. And she took an herb that was named *Esclaire*, and anointed herself with it, and became again as fair as ever she had been. And she arrayed herself in rich robes of silk, of which the Dame had plenty. And she seated herself in the chamber on a quilt of silken cloth, and addressed the Dame, and desired her to go for Ancasins, her lover. And she did so. And when she came to the palace, she found Ancasins weeping and regretting Nicolete, his mistress, because she tarried so long. And the Dame spoke to him and said; "Ancasins, be no longer troubled in mind, but come with me, and I will show you the thing you love best in the world, for it is Nicolete, your sweet mistress, who is come from a far land in quest of you.". And Ancasins was joyful.

When Ancasins heard
Of his mistress with the bright face,
That she was come into the country,
Then was he joyful as he never before had been.
With the dame he went,
Nor stopped until he came to the house;
Into the chamber they passed
Where Nicolete was seated.
When she saw her lover,
More joyful was she than ever she was before,
And she sprang to her feet to meet him.
When Ancasins beheld her,
He stretched both his arms towards her;
Tenderly he welcomed her,
And kissed her eyes and face:
That night he left her thus,
Until the morrow morning,
When he espoused her.
Lady of Biancaire he made her,
And after that they lived many days,
And enjoyed great delight.
Then had Ancasins much joy,
And Nicolete likewise.
Our song and tale now come to a close,
For no more can I say.

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